THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Richard Harding Davis. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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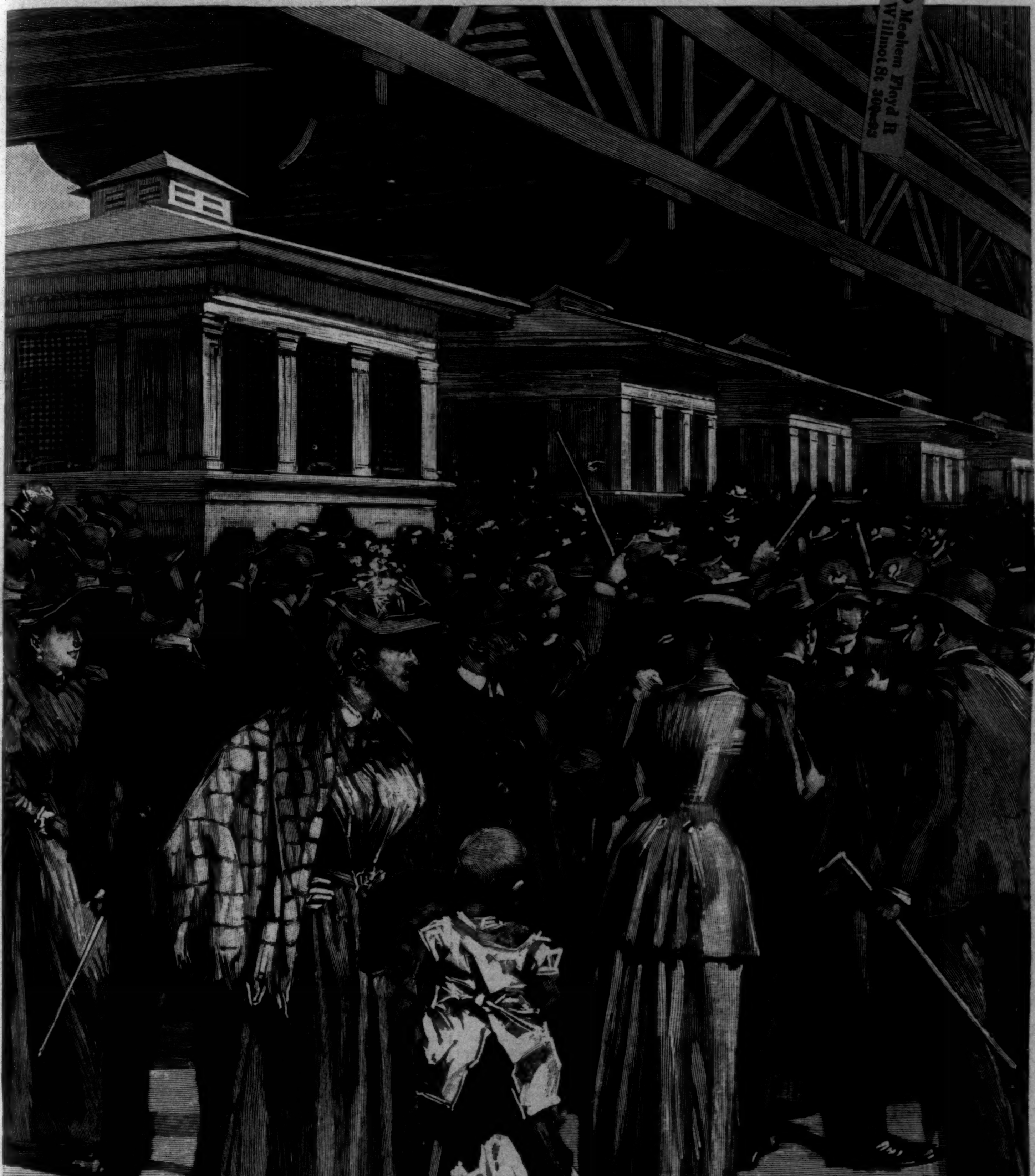

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE SUNDAY CROWD BESIEGING THE GATES.

"They surged and clamored about the gates; they tried to play confidence games on the exit turnstiles; they offered bluffings and bribes to the gate-keepers. But they could not get in. Chicago's people and Chicago's visitors were quite effectually barred out of the World's Fair yesterday, the Lord's day. It was a triumph for the rural Sabbatarians, but it brought disappointment and sorrow to thousands and thousands of working folks."—*Chicago Times*, Monday, May 8th.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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In the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *dated May 27th, there will be published an article on*

THE WESTERN VIEW OF THE SILVER QUESTION,

BY THE HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT,
U. S. SENATOR FROM COLORADO.

THE CRISIS IN GERMANY.

THE dissolution of the Reichstag upon the rejection of the army bill has precipitated Germany into the throes of a fierce election campaign. The Emperor has, in the truest sense of the term, appealed to the people against the majority of their chosen representatives. In making this appeal the government addresses itself to the national feeling. Its argument is simple. The German Empire is situated in the centre of the European continent, between two great powers, France and Russia, which may be assumed to be unfriendly and watching for a favorable chance for a concerted attack. In case of such an attack Germany would have to carry on "a war with two fronts"—one to the west against France, and the other to the east against Russia. The armies of each of these powers are superior in numbers to that of Germany. The German army may excel either of them in the quality of the men, in instruction, drill, and discipline. But a combination of the hostile forces would make their military strength, if not irresistible, at least highly dangerous. Germany has indeed fortified herself by the compact with Austria and Italy, the famous Triple Alliance, which, in case of an attack from the hostile powers, would co-operate with her. But Italy is in a most deplorable financial condition, and Austria may at the critical moment find herself embarrassed by the distracting animosities of the different nationalities within her own borders, the powerful Slavic element sympathizing with Russia and France. Even if the allies could be counted upon for faithful and energetic co-operation in the dreaded emergency, their military forces joined to those of Germany would not bring up the total to the combined strength of Russia and France. The peace of Europe is maintained mainly by the certainty that Russia and France, if they attacked Germany, would find their match, or more than their match. As soon as they have reason to think that Germany with her allies will not be able to resist them, the temptation for an onslaught will be dangerously seductive, and the existence of the German Empire will be in great peril. Inasmuch as France and Russia have been constantly augmenting their armaments, this temptation exists now. It is therefore imperatively necessary that the German Empire, which will have to bear the brunt of the conflict, should correspondingly increase its forces as a guaranty of peace. This is the position of the government.

Assuming the premises as to the relative strength of the armies to be correct, this argument is not without weight. We hear it frequently said that if Germany would only restore Alsace and Lorraine to France, the French would at once cease to be hostile to Germany, and the situation would be relieved of the strain. This is a mistake. If Alsace and Lorraine were thus restored, the French would take it as a demonstration not of conciliatory feeling, but of conscious weakness on the part of the Germans, and the chances are ten to one that they would then revive their old demand for the frontier of the Rhine as the "natural frontier of France," avail themselves of the first favorable opportunity to get it, and thus to wipe out the disgrace of their defeat in the war of 1870 and 1871. But even if this were not so, the decisive fact would still remain that it was not alone the acquisition of the two provinces by Germany, but mainly the formation of the German Empire as the leading power in central Europe, that has excited the bitter jealousy and resentment of France, and of Russia also. The dissolution of the German Empire, the breaking up of Germany into a number of comparatively powerless states, is the real object of their desire, and until this object is accomplished their hostile feeling will not be essentially changed. In fact, the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine, with the two great fortresses of Metz and Strasburg, has so strengthened the defensive position of Germany on its western frontier as greatly to discourage a French attack, and it is therefore rather a guaranty of peace than an incitement to war. Whatever there may be of disaffection to Germany in Alsace and Lorraine is, in this respect, of little consequence, for the two fortresses would be of no less importance even if they were to be considered as two very strong positions held in the enemy's country. The restoration of the two provinces to France is, therefore, from the German point of view, entirely out of the question.

Thus the position of the German Empire between two hostile neighbors is such as to render a state of constant preparation necessary, unless the Germans be willing to give up their existence as a united nation, which, of course, they are not, or unless France and Russia be willing to give up their unfriendly attitude, and demonstrate this willingness by reducing their armaments, which they do not. This is so generally recognized by all classes of the German people except the Socialists, and even by many of these, that the appeal of the government would be almost certain of effect were not the question whether the present military organization of Germany is really sufficient or insufficient for all probable emergencies calling forth serious differences of opinion. The burdens imposed upon the people by the constant augmentation of the military and naval establishments are very heavy, and the mad race between nations for military superiority opens a prospect of an almost indefinite increase of the load. The opposition to the government takes the ground that such an increase is justifiable only when it is absolutely necessary; that at present it is not necessary; that the German army, if a shorter term of service be introduced to permit the drilling of a larger number of men in a given period, is large enough to meet all requirements; and that the spirit of militarism in the government is already strong enough to cause serious apprehensions, and ought not to be permitted to become still more powerful. Such arguments are calculated to have great effect with a people groaning under heavy taxation, and not a little disturbed in their confidence as to the future by the frequent surprises to which the young Emperor is in the habit of treating them.

The opposition consists mainly of the Socialists, a majority of the advanced Liberals, a part of the moderate or so-called National Liberals, and a part of the Centre or Catholic party. Although these political elements go far asunder as to most other questions of public interest, yet their concurrent efforts will in all probability render it impossible to the government to get a majority in favor of the army bill in the next Reichstag. What then will happen nobody can foretell. The young Emperor has publicly declared that he will have the increase of the military establishment he demands, whether the next Reichstag assents to it or not. This declaration, amounting almost to a threat, is likely to add to the determination and also to the strength of the opposition, and thus to have an effect contrary to that which it was intended to produce. That the Emperor is at present resolved, as he expressed himself, to "stake all in his power to obtain the enactment of the measure" hardly admits of doubt. How far he will go when the stake is practically before him, and when he has to face popular discontent in a more portentous form than that in which he has so far seen it, is more questionable. In any event, it may be said that Germany is rapidly drifting into the most dangerous crisis of her internal affairs since the formation of the empire.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT PUBLICITY.

IT is entirely possible that the existing disparity of sentiment between HARPER'S WEEKLY and the *Evening Post* on the question of "publicity" is a difference that relates more to theory than to practice. The *Post* declines at some length to admit that the publicity which is a characteristic of modern life is attended by extenuating benefits. To our mind, its lively appreciation of the current and glaring abuses of a contemporaneous tendency blinds it to certain solid advantages which that tendency yields. Nevertheless, so long as so great a preponderance of newspaper energy is exerted for the uncovering of all that is hidden, it may be as well that one journal at least should err on the side of keeping things covered up.

But however the *Post's* practice may recommend itself to thoughtful newspaper readers, we question if its theories find so general an acceptance as it believes among the persons by whose support it would wish to be sustained. For example, the WEEKLY quoted President ELIOT'S recognition of the abatement of "abuses and cruelties" which is due to "the publicity of modern life," but the *Post* somewhat peremptorily explains that "what President ELIOT meant was the abolition of governmental secrecy, the doing away with star-chamber courts and administration behind barred doors, arrest on *lettres de cachet*, and the rack and thumbscrew as instruments of cross-examination."

Possibly the *Post* is right, but what President ELIOT actually said (in an article on Popular Education in the December *Forum*) was: "Think how family and school discipline have been mitigated within two generations, and how all sorts of abuses and cruelties are checked and prevented by the publicity of modern life—a publicity which depends on the universal capacity to read." A reasonable deduction from this paragraph seems to us to be that family and school discipline have been mitigated, not by "the abolition of governmental secrecy," but by a diffusion of information as to what goes on in families and schools. Publicity had an inning when DICKENS took the roof off of Dotheboys Hall. It was unpleasant for the Squeerses, but it is a matter of conviction among the vulgar that, on the whole, it was a very good thing for schools. Less than two years ago the sanctity of private life was so far invaded as to permit the discovery that an English woman of respectable family had disciplined a little child to death. It was a painful disclosure for the MONTAGUE family, but if there were other cruel English-speaking mothers, it must have done them good to hear society grind its teeth.

It is a trite assertion that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Unless we misunderstand the *Post's* sentiments, it believes that it is just as well that half the world should not know how the other half lives, and that it has no sort of business to be speering around after information. But that is not the way it strikes the WEEKLY, nor does it believe that that represents the best sentiment of the day. To our mind it makes for the general welfare of society that all the classes that compose it, "being members one of another," should have some knowledge of the circumstances and conditions of one another's lives. Such knowledge, by lessening the chances of misunderstanding and ignorant prejudice, helps to weld all kinds of people together, and bring about the sort of democratic solidarity which wise Americans should endeavor to promote. It is not the "Mikes" and "Barneys" alone whose personal concerns may be profitably submitted to some measure of the public scrutiny, but much finer and possibly more respectable people may find a salubrious restraint in the liability of their current follies to get themselves recorded. Even the columns of social slop with which many journals regale their constituents may have their extenuating consequences, since the more the very poor can learn about the amusements, sentiments, and employments of the very rich, the less ground there would seem to be for envious animosity between them. And besides, who knows what heights of ostentation or depths of snobbishness we are saved by the timely reluctance of possible ostentators to face the record of their own achievements in the morning paper!

For kind and modest and sensible people who incur publicity that annoys them the WEEKLY is sorry. Indeed, its sympathy for them is so sincere that it will brave the sure and scorching sarcasm of the *Post* by urging them to try and cultivate the ability to smile instead of squirm when they find their names in the paper. Even to the most modest person that is not so impossible an accomplishment as it seems at first, and really it is worth acquiring. It is not quite enough that all the light of publicity should be concentrated on office-holders, criminals, and people of high fashion. If we are to know so much about one another, let us by all means know some things about the good and the wise and the modest. If, haply, being virtuous characters ourselves, our modesty shrinks from overt demonstrations of our merit, let us try each for himself to be a little tougher, considering that virtue self-engrossed is a mere personal luxury, but known and recognized is in the way to become a light in the path and a staff in the hand of our neighbor.

A MOOTED SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS.

PAINTING is so firmly intrenched in the good-will of amateurs, the demand for pictures to decorate interiors and satisfy the higher forms of æsthetic pleasure has entered so deeply into the customs of Americans, that the time has come to urge the claims of a sister and neglected art. To judge by the number of monuments raised and about to be raised, the number of heads, busts, and statuette figures fashioned every year, it seems odd to call sculpture a neglected art. But so it is. An undiscriminating demand creates an ample supply of statuary. But sculpture of a fine sort is the rarest of products here.

We marvel at the Tanagra figurines and the lovely groups in terra-cotta discovered in Greek tombs on both shores of the Ægean. Recognizing that they were wrought by unknown sculptors for the people, not for wealthy patrons or amateurs of note, we exclaim at the natural aptitude of the Greeks for the fine arts. But why should we remain in a state of barren wonderment? Why should we not try to cultivate an equal degree of aptitude among our people, and then see whether grand sculpture would not blossom naturally from a ground carefully prepared? So far we have been trusting to the methods of modern Europe, which have grown from monarchical ways of thought, and are based on the belief that a king, prince, or rich amateur must encourage the fine arts, which are accordingly regarded as luxuries. Why not boldly accept the fine arts as necessities to the higher education of the masses?

Such they were among the Greeks and such they are to-day, as we perceive when we note the course of painting, which is now democratic, and busies itself more than ever before with affairs of every-day life, the peasant, the artisan, the servant, and the merchant; with landscape open to the pleasure of the poorest, and sunlight which so far has escaped the tax-collector. But sculpture is not in the same way an art close to the bulk of the people. Even connoisseurs in sculpture are rare; and if we continue to ask for monuments, it is not because we like them, but because they are a fashion set by Europe. Good sculpture, however, is most enjoyable. We must see to it, therefore, that our sculpture shall no longer be an empty echo, an art vegetating precariously on a fashion, but the product of men in touch with a community that understands good work from bad, a people that greatly loves and wants sculpture, but will not tolerate it if it be inferior.

Something is done when the Metropolitan displays the Greek groups left by Mr. MOORE and the Art Loan shows antique terra-cottas and bronzes by BARYE. But we can expect only that native sculptors shall see these things and feel inspired to quite other work. We must get the sculptors in touch with the people, as the painters now are. And how can that be accomplished?

One method, which has received a welcome from some of

our leading sculptors and amateurs, and will in all likelihood take shape, is to issue statuettes, groups, reliefs, or medallions in bronze and terra-cotta, as books are published, in a limited edition. They can be issued cheaper if a number of amateurs agree to take copies, and their value can be raised by having the original designs carefully selected by a jury, and by destroying the model, just as etchers destroy a plate after a given number of impressions have been printed. To furnish such an atmosphere as is needed, certain amateurs and sculptors have already discussed the establishment of a society of sculptors open to laymen, the object of which shall be to encourage good statuary, and widen the sphere of sculpture by producing objects fitted to the home or objects that appeal as much to various minds as pictures do. Legislative halls, churches, clubs, hotels, stations, and other places of general resort would be the more beautiful for good sculpture in one of its many forms, and perhaps do more good to the mass of the people than household ornaments. As in painting, so in sculpture, a general demand would enlist different artistic temperaments, and we may expect figures and groups which range from the most daring flights of religious and poetic thought to the most practical table ornaments treated from the art side.

If a society of sculptors and amateurs is launched, it will stand between the designer and foundryman, guaranteeing to the designer that his labor shall be paid, and to the foundryman that enough copies will be taken to pay the bare costs and his profit. It will bind the sculptors together, and put them in contact with amateurs; it will foster *esprit de corps*, and raise sculptors from that state of hopelessness in which most of them languish—hopelessness coming not merely from the ordinary misery that belongs to poverty, but from the apathy of the public, the general ignorance and indifference toward all sculpture that is not funereal or monumental in purpose. In the long-run, the finest talent for sculpture must be brutalized if the tasks given it are nothing beyond the busts of worthy but deceased citizens, and the frock-coats and trousers of statesmen equally dead, but perchance less worthy.

SOME SUBURBAN THOUGHTS.

THE man who moved to the suburbs the 1st of May is now screwing up closet-hooks for his wife, getting acquainted with the neighborhood, learning how to miss trains, and taking his first lessons at carrying bundles. All through March and April he "figured" surreptitiously on the backs of envelopes, proved two or three hundred times that he could live cheaper and get to his business four minutes quicker by living in the suburbs, and now he is out realizing his dream.

The confirmed New York city man who goes out into the suburbs to live finds much that is novel awaiting him. He may not, we admit, discover that he has so much to learn as the one who plunges into deepest Brooklyn, but nevertheless he has many new experiences. Life in the suburbs is always interesting, and a man, if he be a good runner, will always find much pleasure in it. But the man who cannot run easily and swiftly when he hears his train coming, who has not the knack of carrying his railroad ticket between his teeth when heavily loaded with bundles so that the gateman can punch it, or who cannot learn to stand on one foot in the middle of a mud-puddle and put on a wet galoche, has no business to make his home in the adjacent country. When this man attempts to live in the suburbs he simply furnishes diversion for the natives a few months and then returns to town.

But by nothing that we have said do we mean to intimate that there are any serious objections to the suburbs as a place of residence. Far from it; the suburbs are delightful. We simply mean that some men are better adapted for the life than others. Even the man who tries it and comes back disappointed could usually, had he persisted, have made a fairly successful suburbanite. The difficulty is that a man goes into the suburbs and expects to find everything the same as in the city. Either he pays no attention to the warning rumble of the approaching train, and misses it by two blocks, or he becomes excited at the whistle of a neighboring oilcloth factory, shuts his teeth firmly together and runs with fierce determination, only to find that the train isn't due for ten minutes. The best type of suburbanite runs wildly, frantically, when necessary, but at other times he moves slowly and conserves his energy. Indeed, in the matter of learning to get on well with the suburbs when not naturally adapted to them, it is probable that there are few men, not native to them, with an inborn facility in all of the requirements of the successful suburbanite. Thus, a man may be a naturally brilliant runner and show little capacity for bundle-carrying, while another may take to all kinds of packages readily, and simply make himself ridiculous the first time he tries to outrun an express-train. As to which of these great twin demands on the suburban dweller is the more difficult it is hard to say. The successful carrying of bundles depends more, we fancy, upon a man's natural gifts than does the sure and ready overtaking of trains. In other words, there seems to be more hope of a man achieving good train-sprinting ability than noticeable package-express skill.

At first sight, of course, it would seem that there is no particular knack about bundle-carrying. Nor is there, when it is confined to a few bundles; but the management of a suburban cargo is quite another thing. The test is for a man to take thirteen packages of different sizes and varying shapes and a bag of peanuts for the children and then drop his ferry ticket in the box with his mouth. Few men, we presume, can do this without considerable natural aptitude. On the other hand, with respect to making a long hard run for the station in the morning, while we have no desire to belittle the great value of natural gifts, it nevertheless seems that the willingness to train carefully and scientifically and keep in good bodily health has much more to do with making a success.

While on this subject we may say that it seems somewhat strange that there are no regular amateur train-running clubs organized in the suburbs. The Westchester Cross-country Train-catchers' Club, or the New Jersey Morning Station Racing Association, or the Long Island Depot-chase League, would all, if they existed, be highly popular. We have the "Suburban" in horse-racing, but the real Suburban ought to be a foot-race. Regular organization would systematize the sport and give us official records. We can conceive of few things more interesting in amateur sport than a grand annual meet of several suburban running organizations. A number of highly attractive "events" could be arranged. All the usual distances could be run on both plank and earth tracks, and with and without umbrellas and hand-satchels. A race, open to all persons who had not lived in the suburbs above five years, with four inches of mud on the track, would prove popular. Two events could be made of this—with and without galoches. Other races could be run at varying depths of mud—four, six, eight, or ten inches. The meeting might be brought to an end with a grand free-for-all quarter-mile dash, six inches of Jersey mud, one galoche on foot, other in hand, with umbrella carried open, and railroad ticket in teeth. The WEEKLY is not uninterested in amateur out-door pastimes, and it would be glad to see the suburban run raised to the dignity of a recognized sport.

AN OVERSIGHT AND AN OPPORTUNITY.

Is it not odd that in the construction of artificial teeth man is willing to follow nature's lead so blindly? There seems to be no disposition to strike out and design any new style of masticating contrivance. That a man should use the teeth that he happens to find in his mouth without alteration can be understood, for teeth are good enough as they grow. But when the job is altogether in his own hands, and he has to make a wholly new set merely for common use in chewing ordinary food, it is a curious thing that he should stick so to the old designs. It seems never to have occurred to any one that the old style of teeth could be beaten, and yet natural history tells us that our teeth, as we know them, were devised for very different uses than we put them to. There was no pie in the world when the plans were drawn for human teeth. French cooks were not dreamed of then. HUYLER and his confederates were not. Food was not so much as known to be cookable. Teeth were made to gnaw bones and crack nuts with, and to supplement the nails as offensive weapons. In the course of ages they have differentiated somewhat, and shrunk back into the mouth; but the primitive fashion of them still holds, and, with slight modifications, they are the same teeth our remote progenitors wore when they lived in the tree-tops and their clothing grew on their backs. Nature has varied the style of them in individual cases, endowing some favored persons with full rows of double teeth, causing them thereby to be envied of their fellows. But dentists never seem to have followed this example. When they make new teeth, the more slavish their mimicry of the general type the more perfect they esteem their work to be. They are actually proud to be absolutely destitute of originality. They not only fail to consider whether the form of our present teeth is best adapted to our present use of them, but they seem never even to have asked themselves whether some different form of masticatory apparatus would not add to the beauty of the human visage. Women have had ideas on the subject so far as to have jewels embedded in their molars or bicuspids, but man or woman seems never so much as to have dreamed how they would look with a mouth adorned by teeth erected from original designs by MCKIM, MEADE, & WHITE, or THOMAS ST. GAUDENS. That Gothic teeth should be becoming to some styles of beauty and Doric or Ionic forms to others is obviously possible, but no one is known to have tested the effects that such a variation might afford. It is a strange circumstance, and the more you think of it, the more inexplicable it seems. If it were due to a superstitious dislike of innovation, or to a reverent respect for the Creator's masterpiece, it could be understood; but this is not a superstitious age, nor is there much respectful prejudice against bettering the Creator's work where that seems possible. The conclusion is unavoidable that it is due to a mere lack of originality and business enterprise.

It is not yet too late to remedy this oversight. American architects and American dentists have both been overrated if their combined skill and energy cannot show the later visitors to the Chicago Fair teeth of such novel and symmetrical forms that the beauty of them will be in every man's mouth, and presently the teeth themselves in every woman's. And really, to have built the White City itself will not be so memorable a triumph in the domain of form as to have contrived a cheap and feasible amelioration of the aspect of man.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

THE announcement in the daily papers that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt had been requested to withdraw his resignation as a civil service commissioner, and had consented to do so, is at least premature. It would be an excellent thing for the country and for Mr. Cleveland's administration if Mr. Roosevelt were definitely to be retained, if he is willing to make that sacrifice of his time and tastes, for there could be no better commissioner than he, and we trust that the announcement can soon be made with authority.

Love and politics work very differently on the Mexican blood. Recently a couple of rivals for the favor of a Mexican damsel, presumably beautiful, met in the dark and cut each other to death with short knives, surrounded by interested and sympathetic friends. But meanwhile political duels are so numerous and so entirely harmless that the Mexican press is agitating the passage of a law heavily punishing any one who shall accept a challenge, or send one that is accepted, and shall not then fight until one of the combatants is seriously wounded. To make the result surer, the law is to prescribe the weapons and fix a very short range at which they shall be used. All of which shows a curious movement in barbarism among our neighbors. The fight to the death in the dark over a woman's favor is simply an incident in savage and brutal life. The press discussion is an indication of the invasion of civilization, which, in Latin countries, tends to extinguish the habit of the duel by a course of progressive ridiculousness. In France nearly the last stage of extinction has been reached. In Mexico there remains a class in which the native savagery is still predominant. In the very indeterminate and mixed civilization of some portions of the Southern States of our own country there is a most curious development. The law forbids duelling, and sometimes the officers of the law interfere with it. Then the savagery breaks out in the street encounter, the "personal difficulty," which is characterized by the blood-thirstiness of the Mexican fight to which we have alluded, with none of its fairness, the contest being generally one of "spryness," and the slower disputant being simply a victim. Through these fluctuating phases, however, society moves everywhere and steadily toward the reign of order.

A good deal of very excellent satire has appeared in the press concerning the unwillingness of the Chicago fair managers to exhibit drawings from the nude model submitted by the pupils of a school of art in Philadelphia. Other things being equal, we should hardly expect Chicago to be sitting in judgment on the morals of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, in this case, has found many champions in the press of the East, and Chicago has been very skilfully and very pungently rebuked and instructed as to what may be decently done in art schools. Yet something is to be said for Chicago, and it will do neither Philadelphia nor New York any harm to hear and heed it. No one who knows what the drawing of the human figure requires will now dispute that study from the nude is the only way in which adequate knowledge and skill, both in observation and execution, can be acquired. But does it follow because such studies are necessary that they are proper objects to exhibit to a miscellaneous crowd of visitors? For our part we have our doubts, and very serious doubts. In the studio and the class-room peculiar conditions exist, the most potent of which is the intense occupation of the minds of the students in their work; and another, the general recognition of conventions, which, to say the least, are not those of the ticket-holders to the Columbian Exposition. Drawings that it is not only well but indispensable to make, and which may be interesting and instructive on the easels of students or the walls of a class-room, cease to be instructive to the eyes of the chance visitor, and, to put it with as much reserve as possible, become interesting from quite other causes. We are prepared to go further, and suggest that even in the cosmopolitan and highly developed society of our great cities, a much stricter selection of pictures of the nude figure for our public galleries might be made with advantage to all concerned, and not least to that of artists. If our hanging committees should agree, for instance, that only really good work should be shown, a large proportion of the nudes—say ninety-nine per cent.—would be left to the artists and their immediate friends, who are supposed to be proof against any mischievous influences from them.

Had the readers of the New York *World* on Sunday, May 7th, received at their homes a couple of volumes of 500 pages, each in very small type, or a half-dozen volumes in ordinary book type, with scores of illustrations, and contents ranging from poetry to statistics, from jokes to ancient history, and on to prophecy, they would only have had the equivalent of the hundred-page paper with which the *World* celebrated the Sunday nearest its tenth anniversary under its present ownership. It was a very remarkable production, and one which Mr. Pulitzer and his army of aides regard with entirely natural pride. The great building towering above the western end of the East River Bridge, the monument of the enterprise of the paper, is hardly more conspicuous after its kind than the commemorative library in newspaper form.

In the infinite variety of exchanges by which men seek profit and pleasure there is none quite so barren as the mutual scoldings of the editors of different nationalities. Owing to circumstances that may well make us charitable, our French brothers are peculiarly prone to the irritation that prompts to this occupation. Some time since an officer of the United States army, attached to the American Legation at Paris, Captain Borup, obtained some information concerning French defences in a manner that gave offence to the French government, and on their representation he was recalled, though our own government, after proper inquiry, found him innocent of any dishonorable conduct. On his return to this country he was detailed for duty at Chicago. When it was discovered that his duties there would bring him into contact with French officers, and that that would be distasteful to them, he was detached from that station. Before the change became known in Paris the press of that city proclaimed that our government had selected this "miserable spy" for his place as "a gross and wilful insult" to the French officers, and demanded that the marines and the band of the Republican Guard, which had been sent or ordered to Chicago, be straightway recalled, as the only dignified response to such an offence. Had these hot-headed writers had sufficient self-respect to make sure of the facts before indulging in such harsh and petulant epithets, they would have saved themselves some annoyance and discredit. In the intercourse of nations, as of men and women, it is much safer to assume that an insult is not intended until one is forced to recognize it, if for no other reason because a real insult can be met with so much more dignity. The other way is apt to leave one seeming, if our French friends will pardon the word, a little ridiculous.

We have no great fondness for recommending our readers to give money in particular directions—the appeals are so nearly innumerable, even for really good things, that to mention any seems invidious towards others. But we cannot resist the temptation to say that any one who writes for a circular regarding the Egyptian Exploration Fund to Dr. William C. Winslow, of Boston, will get some valuable hints as to judicious expenditure. The scheme of exploration is a wide and well-matured one; it is approved and aided by a very large number of the best men and women of the country, and it is directed to a field that has for many years exercised a peculiar fascination over the minds of educated people in all lands. The work of the managers of the fund has, so far, yielded rich fruit, and promises still richer.

G. B. CORNELL,
Chief Engineer of the proposed East River Bridge.

BISHOP WILLIAM LAWRENCE,
Successor to Bishop Phillips Brooks.

THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

The main idea of the two suspension-bridges which are to be hung over the East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn, is that they are part and parcel of elevated railroad systems. Summed up in a concise way, these bridges are no more to be blocks to travel than any ordinary trestle-work.

In presenting the first accurate picture of one of the bridges to be constructed over the East River, it may be seen that it differs but slightly in appearance from the present one. Still, in an engineering sense, there are variations, and these are due to the advance made in metallurgy. We might say, with lightening of material iron and steel have gained increase of strength.

The illustration shows what is to be known as the Williamsburg Bridge. It will span the East River, on the Brooklyn side, north of the ferry at the foot of Broadway, and south of the Havemeyer sugar-refinery. The entrance of the bridge will be at Bedford Avenue, or 1605 feet from the water's edge. This bridge will reach a point on the New York side between Delancey and Rivington streets, two blocks north of Grand Street. The height of the bridge will be 140 feet above high water, which is 5 feet higher than the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, in accordance with the stipulations imposed by the Secretary of War, for the reason that the tides in the East River set in towards the Brooklyn shore.

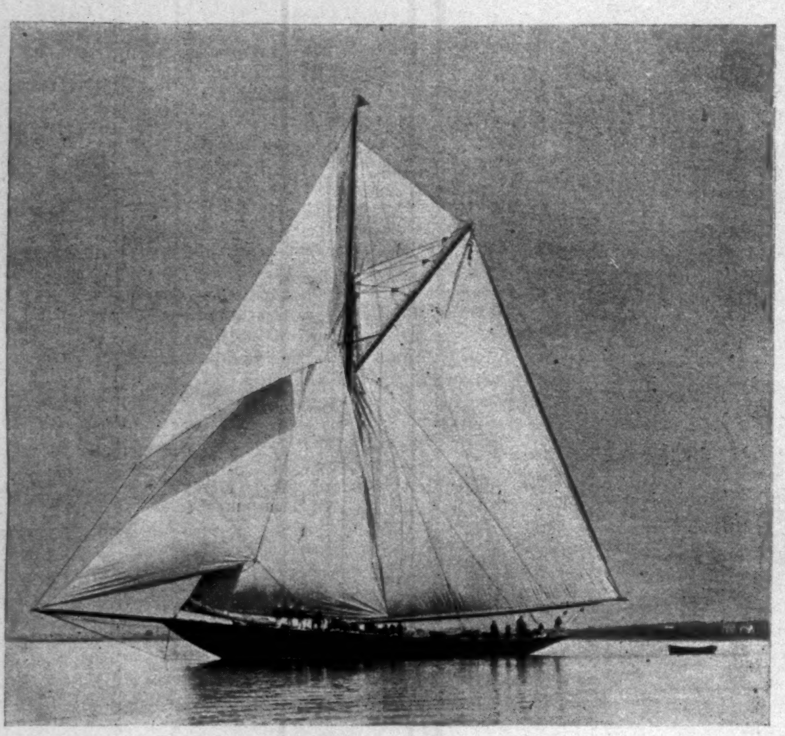
The entrance on the New York side is to be at the corner of Grand and Willett streets, opposite to the junction of East Broadway and Canal Street, 2800 feet from the river. The span of the bridge from centre to centre of piers will be 1670 feet. This bridge is to be 75 feet longer than the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

The height of the piers above mean high water to the top will be 282 feet, and the roadway 120 feet above water-level. It will be noticed that the piers differ from those of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. They will be constructed of solid masonry to a point 40 feet above the railroadway, and then there will be steel towers 110 feet in height. These will be built up with 35 upright columns, with horizontal and diagonal bracings. By using steel two objects are gained—economy and rapidity in construction. The bridge is to have a width of 88 feet, or 3 feet more than the present one. Length of cable will be 3230 feet. The diameter of the cables is to be 22 inches, or $6\frac{1}{4}$ more than those of the old bridge. The wire used has an initial strength of 180,000 pounds to the square inch. For each of the 4 cables 17,000 single wires will be used, these will be made up into 19 smaller cables, and when bound round with wire will form the perfect cable. The downward pressure or the dead weight these cables will stand is 136,000 tons, the weight of the bridge being 26,000 tons. The stays, to prevent vibration, will be heavier for the new bridges.

What is known as the versine, or a line drawn from the string of a bow to the bow itself, will be 20 feet, but the grade will not be as steep as on the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

It can now be understood, with a lower grade, how it will not become necessary to change motive power in hauling cars. On the New York and Brooklyn Bridge locomotives are occasionally run, but they must be light ones, not over 19 tons, and then they can haul not more than two cars. On the bridge to be built, locomotives of 40 tons can be used without inconvenience. Stationary plants with endless cables are expensive in one way, but, above all, are of questionable usefulness, since they imply a change in traction. It is by no means impossible that in the three or four years to come the perfect electrical car will be found, in which case its use on the new bridge or bridges would at once find its proper sphere.

Bridge No. 2 is to be known as the Hudson Avenue Bridge. It is to have a clear span of 1470 feet. The piers are to be built, in Brooklyn, between Hudson and Gold streets, and the entrance at the junction of Myrtle Avenue and Hudson Street. In New York the pier will stand between Jackson and Scammel streets, and the entrance will be at the junction of East Broadway and Grand Street.



THE "NAVAHOE."
Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's 85-footer, that is going abroad to represent America in the races for the Royal Victoria and Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

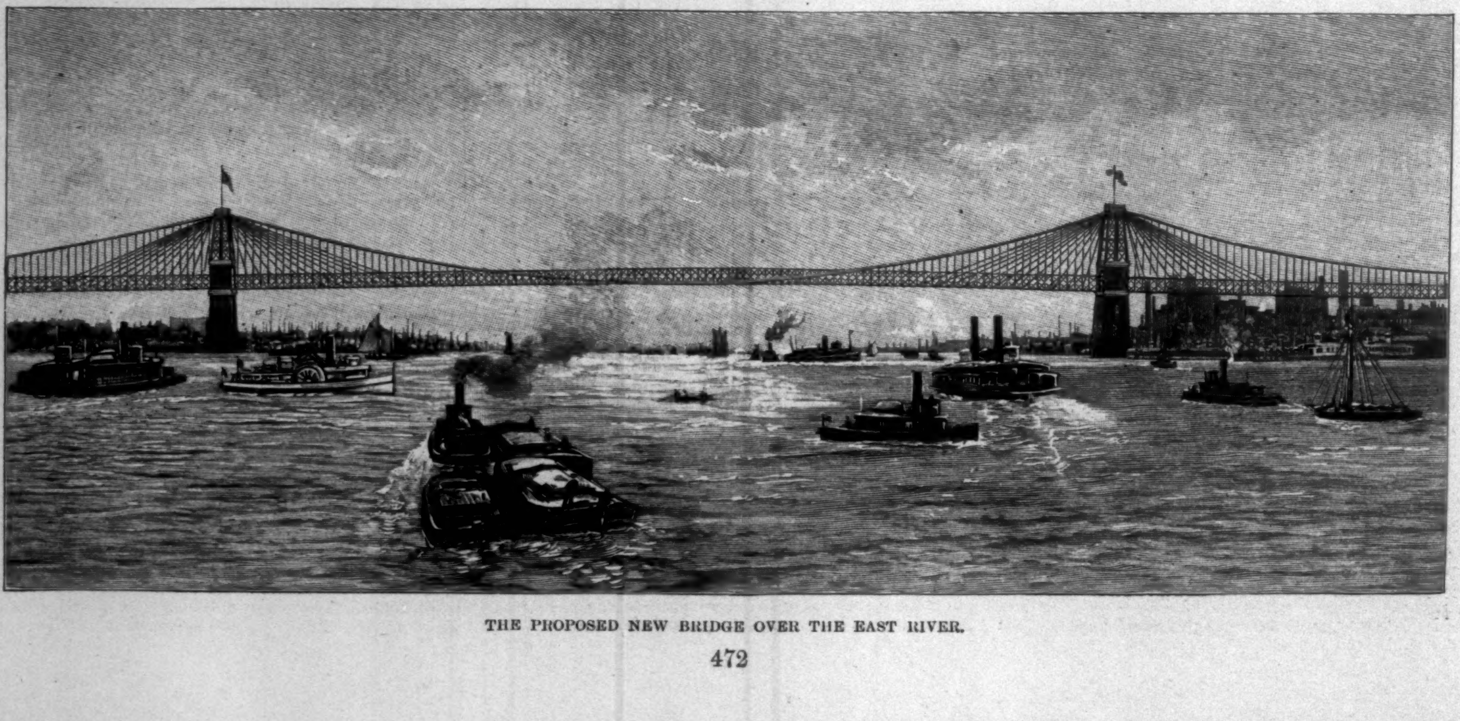
A line drawn from the Williamsburg Bridge to Bridge No. 2 would intersect a little beyond Willett Street in New York. Extend the line of elevated roads from both bridges backward in the opposite direction, and you cross all the present lines of elevated roads and many of the surface railroads.

In Brooklyn the Williamsburg Bridge will be an extension of the Broadway elevated system. The new elevated road in New York is to be built on private property to the Bowery, and thence through Spring to West Street, and on to Desbrosses Street and the Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry. It will be perfectly feasible to run trains from Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, to the Desbrosses Street Ferry in New York, a distance of $2\frac{9}{10}$ miles, in eleven minutes. As the Brooklyn centre is to-day at Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Street, Bridge No. 2 would reach it by means of the present elevated road.

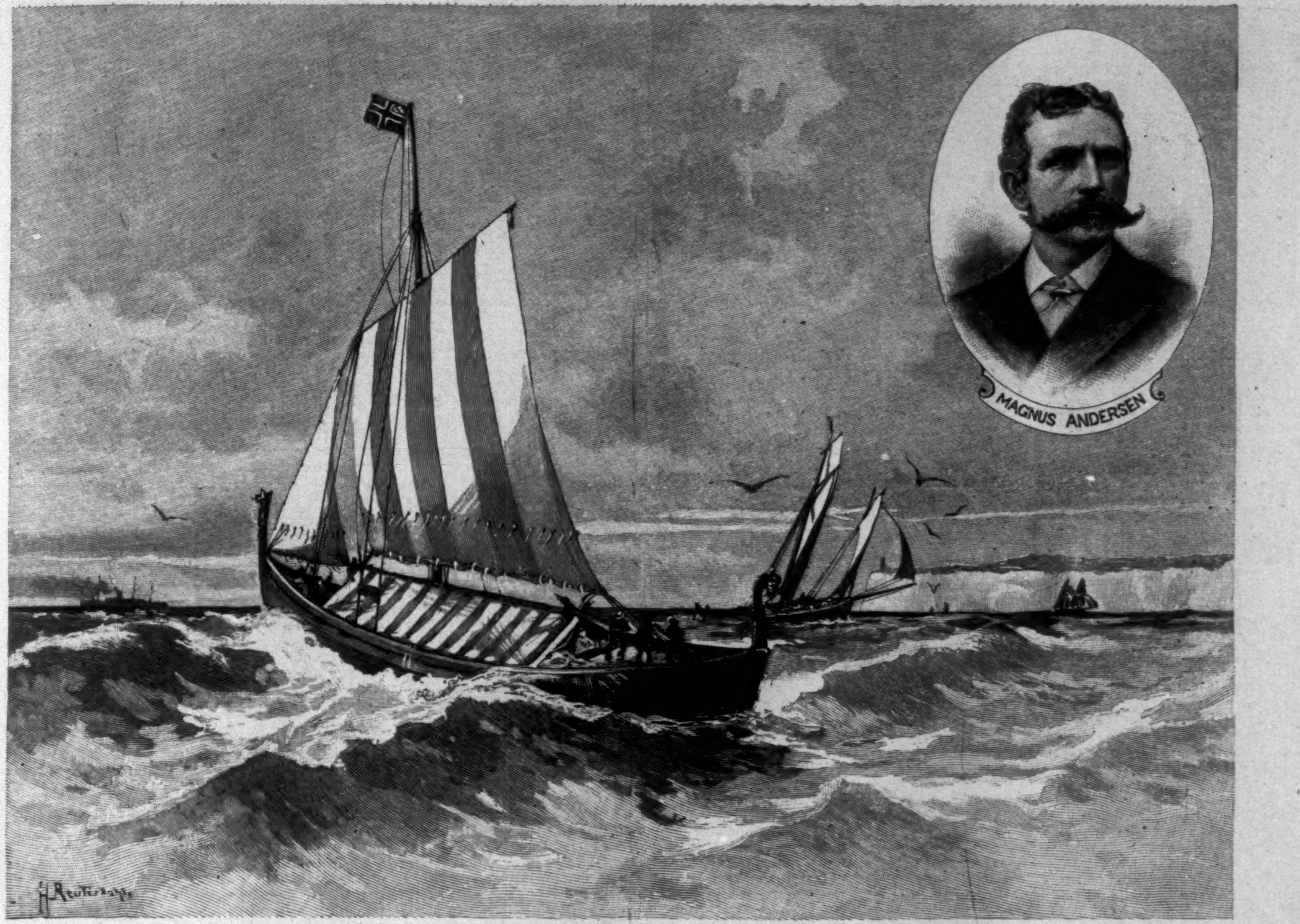
Convenience of city travel, which means comfort and speed, must include cheap fares. By the charter granted the East River Bridge Company, the fare on the Williamsburg Bridge, by the route from Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, to the North River at Desbrosses Street in New York, must not be more than five cents. The work is to be commenced this summer.

The best idea which can be conveyed of the rapid increase of New York and Brooklyn may be presented in this way. During the last nine years the increase alone of the population of these two cities was equivalent to the number of people actually living to-day in Liverpool and Munich. For the month of April alone of this year, according to the most reliable authority—the Health Boards—the increase in the two cities is set down as 7754. When the new bridges are ready for travel, New York and Brooklyn will be represented by the census as containing 3,500,000 souls. Additional bridges, then, become necessities.

George Birdsall Cornell, the engineer-in-chief of the new bridge, was born in New York city in 1855, and graduated in 1877 from the School of Mines and Engineers of Columbia College. Beginning as a rodman on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, he has passed through all the various grades of his profession. He is perhaps as well informed as any one in the country as to the special requirements of city elevated roads, having laid out an important road in Chicago. In 1886 Mr. Cornell was chief engineer of the Union Elevated roads of Brooklyn. In April, 1892, he was appointed chief engineer of the East River Bridge Company.



THE PROPOSED NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.



THE VIKING SHIP AND HER GALLANT CAPTAIN.—FROM A DRAWING BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 478.]
Sailed from Bergen on the way to the Columbian Exposition, May 1st.

THE STRATEGIC ASPECT OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

THE canal is in Nicaragua, except from where it strikes the San Juan River to a point three miles from Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 62 miles. Throughout this distance the canal runs between Nicaragua and Costa Rica

The population of Nicaragua is about 400,000, and that of Costa Rica about 225,000 Nine-tenths of this population is composed of aborigines, negroes, or mixed races, the remainder being whites, mostly of Spanish descent.

The crest of the isthmian part of the Cordillera which traverses North and South America runs generally parallel to the Pacific Ocean, its waters draining eastward to the Gulf, and westward to lakes Managua and Nicaragua The Cordillera falls into low hills as it approaches the San Juan, and gradually rises again as it penetrates Costa Rica. Along the Pacific coast there is a range of hills called the Coast Range Between these two ranges there is a depression, 200 miles long and 70 miles wide, with its longer axis parallel to the Pacific. This depression contains the two lakes mentioned above, and fertile plains, on which are located most of the cities and nine tenths of the inhabitants. The country between the Cordillera and the Caribbean is low and level, and covered with dense tropical growth It contains several large rivers, but they are navigable only a few miles from the sea. South of the eastern end of the canal is the delta of the San Juan

Lake Nicaragua is 110 miles long and 40 miles wide. At some points it is 240 feet deep. There are several islands in the lake, that of Ometepe, near the centre, being 10 miles long and 6 miles wide. This island has two peaks over 5000 feet high. The San Juan River, breaking through the Cordillera, drains Lake Nicaragua into the Caribbean Sea. The valley of this river, the waters of Lake Nicaragua, and a pass through the Coast Range, constitute the route of the canal

The climate along the canal route is salubrious. This is due in a great measure to the northeast trade winds, which blow almost constantly over the country, cooling and purifying the air The temperature rarely rises above 90 or falls below 70 degrees. Slight earthquakes are not infrequent, but their effect on fortifications may be judged when it is stated that Castillo Viejo, the old Spanish fort at the head of the San Juan, built as early as 1675, and with high parapets and a tower of 60 feet, stands entirely intact, without a crack in its walls, and as solid and substantial as if built yesterday The soil of Nicaragua is productive, and affords fine facilities for grazing

The eastern terminus of the canal is at Greytown. This harbor will, when completed, have an entrance 500 feet wide and 30 feet deep, and will contain 200 acres of the same depth The first lock will be nine miles inland, in the foothills of the Cordillera, and out of reach of the heaviest guns that can be brought to bear upon it. The canal from the harbor to this lock will have a bottom width of 120 feet, and will thus practically form an extension of the harbor Just west of the third lock, which is three miles from the first, is an artificial basin upwards of three miles long, and with a varying depth of from 30 to 70 feet At Ochoa Dam the canal reaches the San Juan, and follows it to the lake At the fourth lock, which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Pacific, is the Tola Basin, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and with the same depth as the one mentioned above. It will contain a hundred of the largest ships, and will thus form an accessory port. The summit level runs from the third to the fourth lock, a distance of 153 miles. The sixth and last lock is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Brito Harbor, which is the western terminus of the canal This harbor will, when completed, contain 200 acres A high rocky ridge jutting out from the coast range on the north shelters it, and affords a site for defences The whole canal is 170 miles long It has a minimum depth of 28 feet, locks large enough for the *City of Rome*, and the time occupied in going from one end to the other will not exceed 30 hours. Places where ships can pass each other will be numerous, and at many points whole fleets could be anchored or tied to the banks without impeding navigation

ADVANTAGES OF CONTROL

In war or in peace the exclusive control of this canal will be to us of inestimable value. For attacking or defending the coasts of our hemisphere, and the islands adjacent thereto, it is more advantageously situated than is Gibraltar for the Mediterranean As a means of uniting the East and the West, it will be of more value than is the Suez Canal for uniting England with India The latter saves but 3600 miles, while the Nicaragua Canal saves 9500 in the voyage from the Gulf ports to San Francisco.

If we are to continue our policy of protecting the smaller states of the two Americas against the larger ones, and all of them against foreign encroachment, we must control the canal. We must also defend our own country Our Pacific coast is nearly defenceless. From New York to San Francisco it is 13,000 miles by water—half the circumference of the globe Between the same points by the canal it is only 5000 miles From New Orleans to San Francisco it is 13,500 miles. The canal will cut this distance down to 4000 miles, a still greater saving. Now England can hurl a fleet against our western ports by way of the Suez Canal or from Australia, while another fleet, with a base at home or at one of the numerous British strongholds along our eastern coast, is threatening the ports on the Atlantic.

Not only in war, but also in competing for the commerce of the world, and especially of the western hemisphere, will the nation controlling the Nicaragua Canal have an immense advantage No trade will flourish unless protected by the strong arm of military power, and no better example of this can be cited than that of England Where all the great nations of the world meet in the canal, and the nations through whose territory it runs are so miserably weak, the inevitable result will be that it will fall into the hands of some great power. If that power be not ourselves, then we may safely bid farewell to military or commercial supremacy in America The golden moment is now here when possession is easy

DEFENCE

From the description at the beginning the rest of this article will be clear, There is no doubt that concessions for the military control of the canal could readily be obtained from both the countries in which it lies If not, their small population and inferior character as compared with our own people would make forcible seizure and holding of the canal route an easy matter.

The Cordillera, with its outlying lowlands and tropical growth, together with the delta of the San Juan, makes defence against invasion an easy matter. The Coast Range, extending quite to the Pacific, opposes an almost equal barrier toward the west The healthy climate and the productive soil are both favorable to the welfare of an army of occupation.

The best point to locate troops in the interior is probably the island of Ometepe. The locality is easily defended, and by ascending the mountain slopes almost any desirable temperature can be obtained. This point should be fortified and used as a base of supplies. From it the troops could be moved in any desired direction The station should be connected by telegraph and rail with the United States, through Mexico. There could certainly be no objection to this in time of peace, or of war with a foreign nation. Locks. dams, etc, should be protected by earth works, and the extremities of the canal by forts of the strongest kind The latter should be supplemented by fixed and movable torpedoes and torpedo boats. Hospitals, storehouses, coal piles, etc. should be placed on the island of Ometepe, and a well-appointed dock-yard built there The needs of merchant vessels being similar to those of men of war, it is probable that such a dock yard would be the source of a handsome profit to the United States A fleet stationed in the lake would complete the plan of defence. For the general defence of the country Key West and the mouth of the Mississippi should be fortified, as well as the other important points further north A strong fleet should be stationed in Hampton Roads, and another on the coast of California, to co-operate with that in the canal

USE OF THE NAVY

Lake Nicaragua is large enough for the greatest fleet to be drilled in all the evolutions of war There the crews could find rest and refreshment, and the ships, by the well-known action of fresh water upon their hulls, rid themselves of the incrustations of the sea. With a large basin but a few miles from either ocean, and unimpeded navigation between, the ships could be concentrated in one basin or in the lake, and be ready to dart out upon the enemy at a moment's warning After striking the blow they could return to refit

It would require two fleets, separated by 12,000 miles of sailing distance, to blockade one of equal power in Lake Nicaragua Steaming at the rate of 15 knots an hour, in $2\frac{1}{4}$ days Yucatan Channel, the south coast of Cuba, the Windward Passage, and even Maracaibo could be reached. In five days the fleet could be off the mouth of the Mississippi, in Florida Strait, among the Bahamas, in the Mona Passage, or at Martinique and Barbadoes In five days from the western end of the canal it could be at the entrance of the Gulf of California or off the coast of Peru

A fleet from Lake Nicaragua could join another from Hampton Roads, fight an enemy off Havana, spend two days in refitting in the lake, and then join the California fleet in a fight off the Gulf of California, all in 15 days from starting out To offset the English strongholds in the Bermudas, the Spanish in Cuba, and the French in Guadeloupe and Martinique, we should have at least a coaling station at Samana Bay We have never been fully awake to the chain of fortresses that is being forged around us All this will be greatly to our advantage in peace, in time of foreign war it will be absolutely necessary to our safety But if we wait for war to come, it will be too late. If we deny that war will come, then we are setting at naught the lessons of history since the world began

CHARLES G MORTON,
1st Lieutenant Sixth U S. Infantry.

I.—THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

IF you have always crossed the Atlantic in the spring-time or in the summer months, as do most tourists, you will find leaving New York in the winter more like a relief expedition to the north pole than the setting forth on a pleasure tour to the summer shores of the Mediterranean.

There is no green grass on the hills of Staten Island, nor any three-decked excursion boat flying the flags of all nations, and racing by to the banging of a brass band, nor do the ship's stewards wear white jackets. There are instead a long field of ice stretching far up the Hudson River, a wind that cuts into the face, and dashes the spray up over the tug-boats in frozen layers, and leaves it there like the icing on a cake. The Atlantic Highlands are black with bare branches and white with snow, and you observe for the first time that men who go down to the sea in ships know nothing of open fireplaces. An icy wind keeps the deck as clear as a master-at-arms could do it; and sudden storms of snow, which one had always before associated with streets or fields, and not at all with the decks of ships, burst over the side, and leave the wood-work wet and slippery, and cold to the touch.

And then on the third or fourth day out the sea calms down, and your overcoat seems to have gained an extra lining; and strange people, who apparently have come on board during the night, venture out on the sunlit deck and inquire for steamer chairs and mislaid rugs. These smaller vessels which run from New York to Genoa are as different from the big North Atlantic boats, with their twin screws and five hundred cabin passengers, as a family boarding-house kept by a lady of much refinement and lost fortune from a Broadway hotel. You never want to meet any one on the larger boats, and no one wants to meet you; but on these boats they have to meet you, and you soon get to know who is going to the Holy Land, and which is the dealer in Turkish curiosities, and which is the chaperon of who, and why the two families from Rochester or Ithaca do not speak to one another, as does every one else.

It is chiefly because you are sailing under a German instead of an English flag. There is no one so important as an English captain—he is like a bishop in gold lace; but a German captain considers his passengers as one large happy family, and treats them as such, whether they fancy their new relatives or not. The discipline on board the *Fulda* was like that of a ship of war, where the officers and crew were concerned, but the passengers might have believed they were on their own private yacht.

There was music for breakfast, dinner, and tea; music when the fingers of the trombonist were frozen and when the snow fell upon the taut surface of the big drum; and music at dawn to tell us it was Sunday, so that you awoke imagining yourself at church. There was also a ball, and the captain led an opening march, and the stewards stood at every point to see that the passengers kept in line, and "rounded up" those who tried to slip away from the procession. There were also speeches at all times, and lectures and religious services, and on the last night out a grand triumph of the *chef*, who built wonderful candy goddesses of liberty smiling upon the other symbolic lady who keeps watch on the Rhine, and the band played "Dixie," which it had been told was the national anthem by a "Southern lady," and the portrait of the German Emperor smiled down upon us over his autograph. All this was interesting, because it was characteristic of the Germans; it showed their childish delight in little things, and the same simplicity of character which makes the German soldiers who would not move out of the way of the French bullets dance around a Christmas tree. The American or the Englishman will not do these things, because he has too keen a sense of the ridiculous, and is afraid of being laughed at. So when he goes to sea he plays poker and holds auctions on the run.

There was only one passenger on board who objected to the music. He was from Detroit, and for the first three days remained lashed to his steamer chair like a mummy, with nothing showing but a blue nose and closed eyelids. The band played at his end of the deck, and owing to the fingers of the players being frozen, and to the sudden lurches of the ship, the harmony was sometimes destroyed. Those who had an ear for music picked up their steamer chairs and moved to windward; but the young man, being half dead and firmly lashed to his place, was unable to save himself.

On the morning of the fourth day, when the concert was over and the band had gone to thaw out, the young man suddenly sat upright and pointed his forefinger at the startled passengers. We had generally decided that he was dead. "The Lord knows I'm a sick man," he said, blinking his eyes feebly; "but if I live till midnight I'll find out where they hide those horns, and I'll drop 'em into the Gulf Stream, if it takes my dying breath." He then fell over backwards, and did not speak again until we reached Gibraltar.

There are other graceful attentions, besides the music, shown to the passengers on this Southern trip which could be introduced with profit by the Northern steamship lines. One of them is the distribution of land at irregular intervals along the route, and a constant supply of porpoises, which gambol about the bow of the boat with the greatest good-nature and infinite grace. There is also, after the first four days, a great deal of smooth water, and some well-arranged sunsets. There is something about the sight of land after one has been a week without it which supplies a want that nothing else can fill; and it is interesting to note how careless one is as to its name, or whether it is pink or pale blue on the maps, or whether it is ruled by a king or a colonial secretary. It is quite sufficient that it is land. This was impressed upon me once, on entering New York Harbor, by a young man who emerged from his deck cabin to discover, what all the other passengers already knew, that we were on the upper bay. He gave a shout of ecstatic relief and pleasure. "That," he cried, pointing to the west, "is Staten Island, but that," pointing to the right, "is LAND."

The first land you see on going to Gibraltar is the Azores Islands. They are volcanic and mountainous, and accompany the boat for a day and a half; but they could be improved if they were moved further south about two hundred miles, as one has to get up at dawn to see the best of them. It is quite warm by this time, and the clothes you wore in New York seem to belong to a barbarous period and past fashion, and have become heavy and cumbersome, and take up an unnecessary amount of room in your trunk.

And then people tell you that there is land in sight again, and you find how really far you are from home when you learn that it is Portugal, and so a part of Europe, and not an island thrown up by a volcano, or stolen or strayed from its moorings at the mainland. Portugal is a high red hill, with a round white tower on the top of it flying signal flags. Its chief industry is the arranging of these flags by a man. It is populated also by sheep, which cling to the side of the hill. There are also three men in a boat with a lateen-sail, not to speak of the dog which we could not see. It is, on the whole, a disappointing country. After this, everybody begins to pack and to exchange visiting-cards; and those who are to get off at Gibraltar are pursued by stewards and band-masters and young men with testimonials that they want signed, and by the weak in spirit, who, at the eleventh hour, think they will not go on to Genoa, but will get off here and go on to Tangier, and who want you to decide for them. And which do you think would pay best, and what is there to see in Tangier, anyway? And as that is exactly what you are going to find out, you cannot tell.

When I left the deck the last night out the stars were all over the heavens; and the foremast, as it swept slowly from side to side, looked like a black pendulum upside down marking out the sky and portioning off the stars. And when I woke there was a great creaking of chains, and I could see out of my port-hole hundreds of fixed lights and rows and double rows of lamps, so that you might have thought the ship during the night had run aground in the heart of a city.

The first sight of Gibraltar is, I think, disappointing. It means so much, and so many lives have been given for it, and so many great ships sunk by its batteries, and such great powers have warred for twelve hundred years for its few miles of stone, that its black outline against the sky, with nothing to measure it with but the fading stars, is dwarfed and spoiled. It is only after the sun begins to turn the lights out, and you are able to compare it with the great ships at its base, and you see the battlements and the mouths of cannon, and the clouds resting on its top, that you understand it; and then when the outline of the crouching lion that has faced all Europe for a hundred years comes into relief, you remember it is, as they say, the lock to the Mediterranean, of which England holds the key. And even while you feel this, and are greedily following the course of each rampart and terrace with eyes that are tired of blank stretches of water, some one points to a low line of mountains lying like blue clouds before the red sky of the sunrise, dim, forbidding, and mysterious—and you know that it is Africa.

Spain, lying to the right, all green and amethyst, and flippant and gay with white houses and red roofs, and Gibraltar's grim show of battlements and war, become somehow of little moment. You feel that you have known them always, and that they are as you fancied they would be. But this other land across the water looks as inscrutable, as dark, and as silent as the Sphinx that typifies it, and you feel that its Pillar of Hercules still marks the entrance to the "unknown world."

Nine out of every ten of those who visit Gibraltar for the first time expect to find an island. It ought to be, and it would be but for a strip of level turf half a mile wide and half a mile long which joins it to the sunny green hills of Spain. But for this bit of land, which they call "the Neutral Ground," Gibraltar would be an island, for it has the Mediterranean to the east, a bay, and beyond that the hills of Spain to the west, and Africa dimly showing fourteen miles across the sea to the south.

Gibraltar has been besieged thirteen times; by Moors and by Spaniards, and again by Moors, and again by Spaniards against Spaniards. It was during one of these wars between two factions in Spain, in 1704, that the English, who were helping one of the factions, took the Rock, and were so well pleased with it that they settled there, and have remained there ever since. If possession is nine points of the law, there was never a place in the history of the world held with nine as obvious points. There were three more sieges after the English took Gibraltar, one of them, the last, continuing for four years. The English were fighting America at the time, and rowing in the Nile, and so did not do much towards helping General George Elliot, who was Governor of the Rock at that time. It would appear to be, as well as one can judge from this distance, a case of neglect on the part of the mother-country for her little colony and her 6000 men, very much like her forgetfulness of Gordon, only Elliot succeeded where Gordon failed (if you can associate that word with that name), and so no one blamed the home government for risking what would have been a more serious loss than the loss of Calais, had Elliot surrendered, and "Gib" gone back to its rightful owners, that is, the owners who have the one point. The history of this siege is one of the most interesting of war stories; it is interesting whether you ever expect to visit Gibraltar or not; it is doubly interesting when you walk the pretty streets of the Rock today, with its floating population of 20,000, and try to imagine the place held by 6000 half-starved, sick, and wounded soldiers, living at times on grass and herbs and handfuls of rice, and yet carrying on an apparently forlorn fight for four years against the entire army and navy of Spain, and, at the last, against the arms of France as well.

We are apt to consider the Gibraltar of to-day as occupying the same position to the Mediterranean as Queenstown does to the Atlantic, a place where passengers go ashore while the mails are being taken on board, and not so much for their interest in the place itself as to again feel solid earth under their feet. There are passengers who will tell you on the way out that you can see all there is to be seen there in three hours. As a matter of fact, one can live in Gibraltar for many weeks and see something new every day. It struck me as being more different kinds of a place than any other spot of land I had ever visited, and one that changed its aspect with every shifting of the wind, and with each rising and setting of the sun. It is the clearing-house for three most picturesque peoples—the Moors, in their yellow slippers and bare legs and voluminous robes and snowy turbans; the Spaniards, with romantic black capes and cloaks and red sashes, the women with the lace mantilla and brilliant kerchiefs and pretty faces; and, mixed with these, the pride and glory of the British army and navy, in all the bravery of red coats and white helmets, or blue jackets, or Highland kilts. It is a fortress as imposing as the Tower of London, a winter resort as pretty as St. Augustine, and a seaport town of free entry, into which come on every tide people of many nations and ships flying every flag.

Around its base are the ramparts, like a band of stone and steel; above them the town, rising like a staircase, with houses for steps—yellow houses, with light green blinds sticking out at different angles, and with sloping red roofs meeting other lines of red roofs, and broken by a carpeting of green where the parks and gardens make an opening in the yellow front of the town, and from which rise tall palms and palmettoes, and rows of sea-pines, and fluttering union-jacks which mark the barracks of a regiment. Above the town is the Rock, covered with a green growth of scrub and of little trees below, and naked and bare above, stretching for several miles from north to south, and rearing its great bulk up into the sky until it loses its summit in the clouds. It is never twice the same. To-day it may be smiling and resplendent under a warm brilliant sun that spreads out each shade of green, and shows each terrace and rampart as clearly as though one saw it through a glass; the sky becomes as blue as the sea and the bay, and the white villages of Spain seem as near to one as the red soldier smoking his pipe on the mountings half-way up the Rock. And to-morrow the whole top of the Rock may be lost in a thick curtain of gray clouds, and the waters of the bay will be tossing and covered with white-caps, and the lands about disappear from sight as though they had sunk into the sea during the night and had left you alone on an island. At times a sunset will paint the Rock a martial red, or the moonlight softens it, and you see only the tall palms and the graceful balconies and the gardens of plants, and each rampart becomes a terrace and each casemate a balcony. Or at night, when the lamps are lit, you might imagine yourself on the stage of a theatre, walking in a scene set for *Fra Diavolo*.

There are no such streets or houses outside of stage-land. It is only in stage cities that the pavements and streets are so conspicuously clean, or that the hanging lamps of beaten iron-work throw such deep shadows, or that there are such high, heavily carved Moorish doorways and mysterious twisting stairways in the solid rock, or shops with such queer signs, or walls plastered with such odd-colored placards—streets where every footfall echoes, and where dark figures suddenly appear from narrow alleyways and cry "Halt, there!" at you, and then "All's well" as you pass by.

Gibraltar has one main street running up and clinging to the side of the hill from the principal quay to the most southern point of the Rock. Houses reach up to it from the first level of the ramparts, and continue on up the hill from its other side. On this street are the bazars of the Moors, and the English shops and Spanish cafés, and the cathedral, and the hotels, and the Governor's house, and every one in Gibraltar is sure to appear on it at least once in the twenty-four hours. It is here that the three peoples meet and pass, the Moors leisurely and with dignified bearing, the Spaniards who come over for the day, and who return each night, and the English soldiers. The ladies of the garrison shop here, driving about in dog-carts with soldier coachmen, and with them you see the natives of the Rock, who call themselves, and who are called "Rock scorpions," and who look like Spanish women in English women's frocks, and who are distinctly pretty. So, though after a different fashion, are their English cousins, with their fresh complexions and loose skirts and men's ties and long coats, and queer little straw hats tipped over their eyes. But the color and tone of the street are military. There are soldiers at every step—soldiers carrying the mail or bearing reports, or soldiers in bulk with a band ahead, or soldiers going out to guard the North Front, where lies the Neutral Ground, or to target practice, or to play football; soldiers in two or threes, with their sticks under their arms, and their caps very much cocked, and pipes in their mouths. But these make slow progress, for there is always an officer in sight—either a boy officer just out from England riding to the polo field near the Neutral Ground, or a commanding officer in a black tunic and a lot of ribbons across his breast, or an officer of the day with his sash and sword; and each of these has to be saluted. This is an interesting spectacle, and one that is always new. You see three soldiers coming at you at a quick step, talking and grinning, alert and jaunty, and suddenly the upper part of their three bodies becomes rigid, though their legs continue as before, apparently of their own volition, and their hands go up and their pipes and grins disappear, and they pass you with eyes set like dead men's eyes, and palms facing you as though they were trying to learn which way the wind was blowing. This is due, you discover, to the passing of a stout gentleman in knickerbockers, who switches his rattan stick in the air in reply. Sometimes when he salutes the soldier stops altogether, and so his walks abroad are punctuated at every twenty yards. It takes an ordinary soldier in Gibraltar one hour to walk ten minutes.

Everybody walks in the middle of the main street in Gibraltar, because the sidewalks are only two feet wide, and because all the streets are as clean as the deck of a yacht. Cabs

of yellow wood and diligences with jangling bells and red worsted harness gallop through this street and sweep the people up against the wall, and long lines of goats who leave milk in a natural manner at various shops tangle themselves up with long lines of little donkeys and longer lines of geese, with which the local police struggle valiantly. All of these things, troops and goats and yellow cabs and polo ponies and dog-carts, and priests with curly-brimmed hats, and baggy-breeched Moors, and huntsmen in pink coats and Tommies in red, and sailors rolling along in blue, make the main street of Gibraltar as full of variety as a mask ball, and much more amusing. This is the part of the town which every tourist can see, but he has little imagination if he thinks he has seen enough of it in three hours.

Of the Gibraltar militant, the fortress and the key to the Mediterranean, he can see but the little that lies open to him and to every one along the ramparts. Of the real defensive works of the place he is not allowed to have even a guess. The ramparts stretch all along the western side of the rock, presenting to the bay a high shelving wall which twists and changes its front at every 100 yards, and in such an unfriendly way that whoever tried to scale its slippery surface at one point would have a hundred yards of ramparts on either side of him, from which two points gunners and infantry could observe his efforts with comfort and safety to themselves; and from which, when tired of watching him slip and scramble, they could and undoubtedly would blow him into bits. But they would probably save him the trouble of coming so far by doing that before he left his vessel in the bay. The northern face of the Rock—that end which faces Spain, and which makes the head of the crouching lion—shows two long rows of teeth cut in its surface by convicts of long ago. You are allowed to walk through these dungeons, and to look down upon the Neutral Ground and the little Spanish town at the end of its half-mile over the butts of great guns. And you will marvel not so much at the engineering skill of whoever it was who planned this defence as at the weariness and the toil of the criminals who gave up the greater part of their lives to hewing and blasting out these great galleries and gloomy passages, through which your footsteps echo like the report of cannon.

Lower down, on the outside of this mask of rock, are more ramparts, built there by man, and from which infantry could sweep the front of the enemy were they to approach from the only point from which a land attack is possible. The other side of the Rock, that which faces the Mediterranean, is unprotected, except by the big guns on the very summit, for no man could scale it, and no ball yet made shatter its front. To further protect the north from a land attack there is at the base of the Rock and below the ramparts a great moat, bridged by an apparently solid piece of masonry. This roadway, which leads to the north gate of the fortress—the one which is closed at six each night—is undermined, and at a word could be blown into pebbles, turning the moat into a great lake of water, and virtually changing the Rock of Gibraltar into an island. I never crossed this roadway without wondering whether the sentry underneath might not be lighting his pipe near the powder-magazine, and I generally reached the end of it at a gallop. There is still another protection to the North Front. It is only the protection a watch-dog gives at night; but a watch-dog is most important. He gives you time to sound your burglar-alarm and to get a pistol from under your pillow. A line of sentries paces the Neutral Ground, and has paced it for nearly two hundred years. Their sentry-boxes dot the half-mile of turf, and their red coats move backward and forward night and day, and any one who leaves the straight and narrow road crossing the Neutral Ground, and who comes within fifty yards of them, passes a dead-line and is shot. Facing them, a half-mile off, are the white adobe sentry-boxes of Spain and another row of sentries, wearing long blue coats and queer little shakos, and smoking cigarettes. And so the two great powers watch each other unceasingly across the half-mile of turf, and say, "So far shall you go, and no farther; this belongs to me." There is nothing more significant than these two rows of sentries; you notice it whenever you cross the Neutral Ground for a ride in Spain. First you see the English sentry, rather short and very young, but very clean and rigid, and scowling fiercely over the chin-strap of his big white helmet. His shoulder-straps shine with pipe-clay and his boots with blacking, and his arms are burnished and oily. Taken alone, he is a little atom, a molecule; but he is complete in himself, with his food and lodging on his back, and his arms ready to his hand. He is one of a great system that obtains from India to Nova Scotia, and from Bermuda to Africa and Australia; and he shows that he knows this in the way he holds up his chin and kicks out his legs as he tramps back and forward guarding the big rock at his back. And facing him, half a mile away, you will see a tall handsome chap seated on a stone, with the tails of his long coat wrapped warmly around his legs, and with his gun leaning against another rock while he rolls a cigarette; and then, with his hands in his pockets, he gazes through the smoke at the sky above and the sea on either side, and wonders when he will be paid his peseta a day for fighting and bleeding for his country. This helps to make you understand how six thousand half-starved Englishmen held Gibraltar for four years against the army of Spain.

This is about all that you can see of Gibraltar as a fortress. You hear, of course, of much more, and you can guess at a great deal. Up above, where the Signal Station is, and where no one, not even officers in uniform not engaged on the works, is allowed to go, are the real fortifications. What looks like a rock is a monster gun painted gray, or a tree hides the mouth of another. And in this forbidden territory are great cannon which are worked from the lowest ramparts. These are all the present triumphs of Gibraltar. Before they came, the clouds which shut out the sight of the Rock as well as the rest of the world from its summit rendered the great pieces of artillery there as useless in bad weather as they are harmless in times of peace. The very elements threatened to war against the English, and a shower of rain or a veering wind might have altered the fortunes of a battle. But a clever man named Watkins has invented a position-finder, by means of which those on the lowest ramparts, well out of the clouds, can aim the great guns on the summit at a vessel unseen by the gunners lost in the mist above, and by electricity fire a shot from a gun a half-mile above them so that it will strike an object many miles off at sea. It will be a very strange sensation to the captain of such a vessel to find her bombarded by shells or balls that belch forth from a drifting cloud.

No stranger has really any idea of the real strength of this fortress, or in what part of it its real strength lies. Not one out of ten of its officers knows this either. Gibraltar is a grand and grim practical joke; it is an armed foe like the army in *Macbeth*, who came in the semblance of a wood, or like the wooden horse of Troy that held the pick of the enemy's fighting-men. What looks like a solid face of rock is a hanging curtain that masks a battery; and the blue waters of the bay are treacherous with torpedoes; and every little smiling village of Spain has been marked down for destruction, and has had its measurements taken as accurately as though the English batteries had been playing on it already for many years. The Rock is undermined and tunnelled throughout, and food and provisions are stored way in it to last a siege of seven years. Telephones and telegraphs, signal stations for flagging, search-lights, and other such devilish inventions, have been planted on every point, and only the Governor himself knows what other modern improvements have been introduced into the bowels of this mountain or distributed behind smiling landscapes on its surface.

On the 25th of February, at half past ten in the morning, three guns were fired in rapid succession from the top of the Rock, and the windows shook. Three guns mean that Gibraltar is about to be attacked by a fleet of war-ships, and that "England expects every man to do his duty." So I went out to see him do it. Men were running through the streets trailing their guns, and officers were galloping about pulling at their gloves, and bodies of troops were swinging along at a double-quick, which always makes them look as though they were walking in tight boots, and bugles were calling, and groups of men, black and clearly cut against the sky, were excitedly switching the air with flags from every jutting rock and every rampart of the garrison.

Behind the ramparts, quite out of sight of the vessels in the bay, were many hundreds of infantrymen with rifles in hand, and only waiting for a signal to appear above the coping of the wall to empty their guns into the boats of the enemy. The enlisted men, who enjoy this sort of play, were pleased and interested; the officers were almost as calm as they would be before a real enemy, and very much bored at being called out and experimented with. I found some friends of mine on the Jumper's Bastion supporting an imaginary battery. There never had been a battery in that place, and there did not seem any likelihood of one being brought there, and they explained this to his Excellency the Governor when he with his staff came galloping up, and asked what an unarmed infantry company was doing on an otherwise deserted rampart. I know now where to attack Gibraltar—at the spot where they have imaginary batteries. The real object of the preparation for defence that morning was to learn whether the officers at different points could communicate with the Governor as he rode rapidly from one spot to another. This was done by means of flags, and although the officer who did the flagging for the Governor's party had about as much as he could do to keep his horse on four legs, the experiment was most successful. It was a very pretty and curious sight to see men talking a mile away to a moving party of horsemen going at full gallop.

The life of a subaltern of the British army, who belongs to a smart regiment, and who is stationed at such a post as Gibraltar, impresses you as being as easy and satisfactory a state of existence as a young and unmarried man could ask. He has always the hope that some day—any day, in fact—he will have a chance to see active service, and so serve his country and distinguish his name. And while waiting for this chance he enjoys the good things the world brings him with a clear conscience. He has duties, it is true, but they did not strike me as being wearing ones, or as threatening nervous prostration. As far as I could see, his most trying duty was the number of times a day he had to change his clothes, and this had its ameliorating circumstance in that he each time changed into a more gorgeous costume. I remember one youth whom I saw in four different suits in two hours. When I first noticed him he was coming back from polo, in boots and breeches; then he was directing the firing of a gun, with a pill-box hat on the side of his head, a large pair of field-glasses in his hand, and covered by a black and red uniform that fitted him like a jersey. A little later he turned up at a tennis party at the Governor's in flannels; and after that he came back there to dine in the garb of every evening. When the subaltern dines at mess he wears a uniform which turns that of a member of Troop A into what looks in comparison like a second-hand and ready-made garment. The officers of the 13th Somerset Light Infantry wore scarlet jackets at dinner, with high black silk waistcoats bordered with two inches of gold lace. The jackets have gold buttons sewed along every edge that presents itself, and offer glorious chances for determining one's future by counting "poor man, rich man, beggar-man, thief." When eighteen of these jackets are placed around a table, the chance civilian feels and looks like an undertaker. Dining at mess is a very serious function in a British regiment. At other times her Majesty's officers are a casual lot; but at dinner, when you are a guest, or whether you are a guest or not, there is an intent to please and to be pleased that is rather refreshing. We have no regimental headquarters in America, and owing to our officers seeking promotion all over the country, the regimental *esprit de corps* is lacking. But in the English army regimental feeling is very strong; father and son follow on in the same regiment, and now that they are naming them for the counties from which they are recruited, they are becoming very close corporations indeed. At mess the traditions of the regiment come into play, and you can learn then of the actions in which it has been engaged from the engravings and paintings around the walls, and from the silver plate on the table and the flags in the corner.

When a man gets his company he presents the regiment with a piece of plate, or a silver inkstand, or a picture, or something which commemorates a battle or a man, and so the regimental headquarters are always telling a story of what has been in the past and inspiring fine deeds for the future. Each regiment has its peculiarity of uniform or its custom at mess, which is distinctive to it, and which means more the longer it is observed. Those in authority are trying to do away with these signs and differences in equipment, and are writing themselves down asses as they do so. You will notice, for instance, if you are up in such things, that the sergeants of the 13th Light Infantry wear their sashes from the left shoulder to the right hip, as officers do, and not from the right shoulder, as sergeants should. This means that once in a great battle every officer of the 13th was killed, and the sergeants, finding this out, and that they were now in command, changed their sashes to the other shoulder. And the officers ever after allowed them to do this, as a tribute to their brothers in command who had so conspicuously obliterated themselves and distinguished their regiment. There are other traditions, such as that no one must mention a woman's name at mess, except the title of one woman, to which they rise and drink at the end of the dinner, when the sergeant gives the signal to the band-master outside, and his men play the national anthem, while the bandmaster comes in, as Mr. Kipling describes him in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and "takes his glass of port-wine with the offficers." The Sixtieth, or the Royal Rifles, for instance, wear no marks of rank at their mess, in order to express the idea that there they are all equal. This regiment had for its name once the King's American Rifles, and under that name it took Quebec and Montreal, and I had placed in front of me at mess one night a little silver statuette in the equipment of a Continental soldier, except that his coat, if it had been colored, would have been red, and not blue. He was dated 1768. In the mess-room are pictures of the regiment swarming over the heights of Quebec, storming the walls of Delhi, and running the gauntlet up the Nile as they pressed forward to save Gordon. All of this goes to make a subaltern feel things that are good for him to feel.

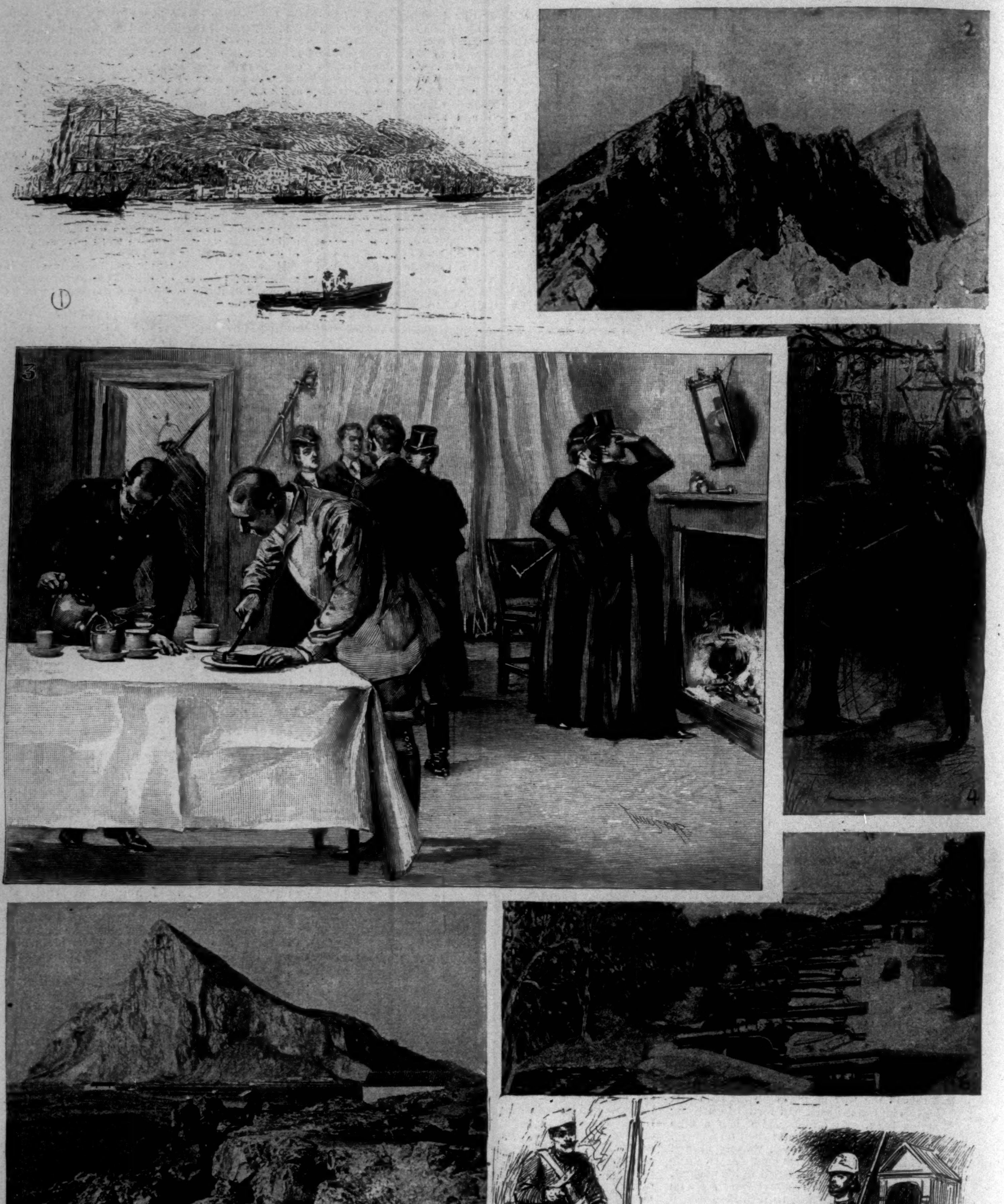
There are more pleasant ways to spend the time in Gibraltar than in any one place of its size I have ever visited, and when I remember them I feel I have not given any idea of its charm or of its variety.

Every day there is tennis, and bands playing in the Alameda, and parades, or riding-parties across the Neutral Ground into Spain, and teas and dinners, at which the young ladies of the place dance Spanish dances. They learn to do this just as other young women learn to play the piano, and are asked to dance just as other young women are asked to play. The dancing is very pretty and very discreet, and every one, from the daughters of the highest in command to a very little girl horridly named Stumps, who looks like one of Du Maurier's littlest and prettiest girls, and who used to stone me from an inaccessible point of rock whenever I called on her sisters, who can teach Carmencita steps, and would obtain twenty pounds a week from the Vaudeville Club. Twice a week the Calpe Hunt meets in Spain, and chases foxes across the worst country that any Englishman ever rode over in pink. There are no fences, but there are ravines and cañons and precipices, down and up and over which the horses scramble and jump, and over which they will, if the rider leaves them alone, bring him safely. And if you lose the rest of them, you can go to an old Spanish inn like that which Don Quixote visited, with drunken muleteers in the court-yard, and the dining-room over the stable, and with beautiful dark-eyed young women to give you omelet and native wine and black bread. Or, what is as amusing, you can stop in at the officer's guard-room at the North Front, and cheer that gentleman's loneliness by taking tea with him, and drying your things before his fire while he cuts the cake, and the women of the party straighten their hats in front of his glass, and two Tommies go off for hot water. There was a very entertaining officer guarding the North Front one night, and he proved so entertaining that neither of us heard the sunset gun, and so when I reached the gate I found it locked, and the bugler of the guard who take the keys to the Governor each night was sounding his bugle half-way up the town. There was a dark object on a wall to which I addressed all my arguments and explanations, which he met with repeated requests to "move on, now," in the tone of expostulation with which a London policeman addresses a very drunken man.

I knew that if I tried to cross the Neutral Ground I would get shot at for a smuggler; for, owing to Gibraltar's being a free port of entry, these gentlemen buy tobacco there, and carry it home each night, or run it across the half-mile of Neutral Ground strapped to the backs of dogs. So I wandered back again to the entertaining officer, and he was filled with remorse, and sent off a note of entreaty to his Excellency's representative, to whom he referred as a D. A. G., and whose name, he said, was Jones. We then went to the mess of the officers guarding the different approaches, and these gentlemen kindly offered me their own beds, proposing that they themselves should sleep on three chairs and a pile of overcoats; all except one subaltern, who excused his silence by saying diffidently that he fancied I would not care to sleep in the fever camp, of which he had charge. I had seen the officer of the keys pass every night, and the guards turn out to salute the keys, and I had rather imagined that it was more or less of a form, and that the pomp and circumstance were all there was to it. I did not believe that the Rock was really closed up at night like a safe with a combination lock. But I know now that it is. A note came back from the mysterious D. A. A. G. saying I could be admitted at eleven; but it said nothing at all about sentries, nor did the entertaining officer. Subalterns always say "Officer" when challenged, and the sentry always murmurs, "Pass, officer, and all's well," in an apologetic growl. But I suppose I did not say "Officer" as I had been told to do, with any show of confidence, for every sentry who appeared that night—and there seemed to be a regiment of them—would not have it at all, and wanted further data, and wanted it quick. Even if you have an order from a D. A. A. G. named Jones, it is very difficult to explain about it when you don't know whether to speak of him as the D. A. A. G. or as General Jones, and especially when a young and inexperienced shadow is twisting his gun about so that the moonlight plays up and down the very longest bayonet ever used by a civilized nation. They were not nice sentries, either, like those in town, who stand where you can see them, and who challenge you drowsily, like cabmen, and make the empty streets less lonely than otherwise.

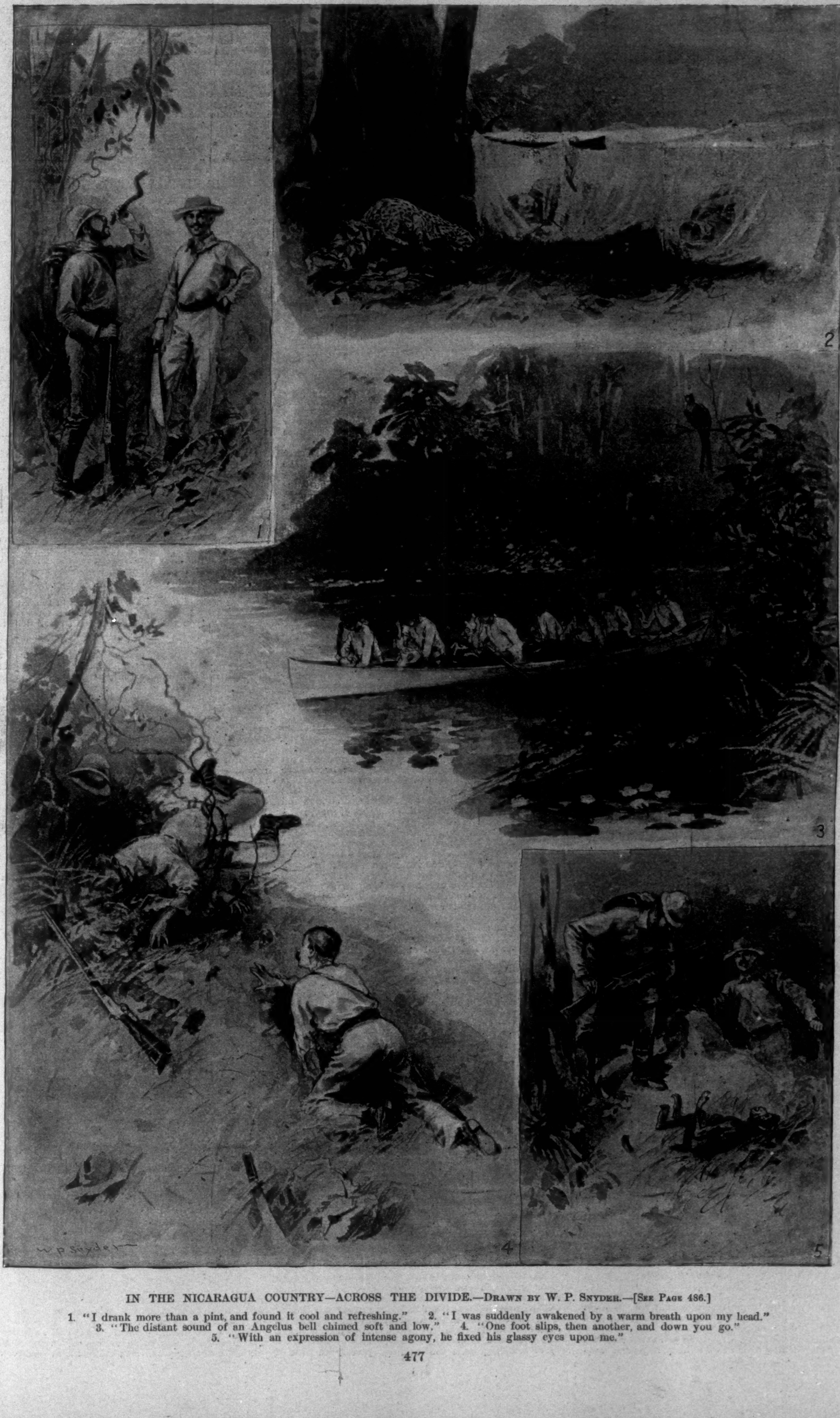
They were, on the contrary, fierce and in a terrible hurry, and had a way of jumping out of the shadow with a rattle of the gun and a shout that brought nerve-storms in successive shocks. To make it worse, I had gone over the post, while waiting for word from the D. A. A. G., to hear the sentries recite their instructions to the entertaining officer. They did this rather badly, I thought, the only portion of them, indeed, which they seemed to have by heart being the part which bade them not to allow cows to trespass without a permit, which must have impressed them by its humor, and the fact that when approached within fifty yards they were first to use the bayonet and then to fire low. I found when challenged that night that this was the only part of their instructions that I could remember either.

This was the only trying experience of my stay in Gibraltar, and it is brought in here as a compliment to the force that guards the North Front. For of them, and the rest of the inhabitants and officers of the garrison, any one who visits there can only think well; and I hope when the Rock is attacked, as it never will be, that they will all cover themselves with glory. It never will be attacked, for the reason that the American people are the only people clever enough to invent a way of taking it, and they are far too clever to attempt an impossible thing. But if any other power is foolish enough to besiege this place, I hope it will not again sweep away all the officers of Prince Albert's 13th Somerset Light Infantry, and that it will train its guns so as not to hit the garden where "Stumps" plays on Gowland's Rampart.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.—[See Page 474.]

1. The Rock from the Bay. 2. Signal Station on the top of the Rock. 3. Drying your things before his fire while he cuts the cake, and the women of the party straighten their hats in front of his glass. 4. Where dark figures suddenly appear from narrow alleyways, and cry "Halt there!" at you. 5. Gibraltar as seen across the Neutral Ground—Spanish sentinels in the foreground. 6. Cannons masked by bushes. 7. The man from Detroit. 8. Types. 9. Spanish sentry smoking cigarette. 10. English sentry.



IN THE NICARAGUA COUNTRY—ACROSS THE DIVIDE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 486.]

1. "I drank more than a pint, and found it cool and refreshing." 2. "I was suddenly awakened by a warm breath upon my head." 3. "The distant sound of an Angelus bell chimed soft and low." 4. "One foot slips, then another, and down you go." 5. "With an expression of intense agony, he fixed his glassy eyes upon me."

THE VIKING SHIP.

This little vessel was built upon the model of an old viking ship which was found about thirteen years ago buried deep in the ground under the village of Goystad, near Sandefjord. The new boat differs from its model in having a cover to shelter the sailors from the spray and rain, whereas the old vessel was entirely open. The bow is surmounted by a dragon's head, and a dragon's tail curls upward from the stern. Her measurements are: length, 77 feet; beam, 16 feet; and from gunwale to base of keel, 6 feet. The peculiar construction of the hull is shown in the diagrams below, which present both a side and a vertical view of the vessel.

She left Christiania early in April, for the purpose of visit-

SIDE VIEW.

ing the different coast towns and allowing the people an opportunity to see her, and on the 1st of May she set sail from Bergen on her adventurous voyage across the ocean. While on the open sea she will of course be propelled entirely by the wind, but when she reaches the lakes twenty sailors will join the crew, the sail will be taken down, and the thirty-two oars which she carries will be brought into use for the rest of the voyage. Mr. H. Hansen, who recently arrived from Norway and will go on to Chicago to await the coming of the ship, said recently to the New York *Sun*:

"The viking ship has attracted much attention in Norway. The people are very proud of her. They say she is much more interesting than the caravels of Columbus, because the Spanish boats were made from pictures, while the viking is built directly from the original. Many are afraid that she will not cross the ocean in safety, but the sailors have no fear for her. The crew is the best that any vessel ever had. Every one of the twelve men is either a

VERTICAL VIEW.

ship's captain or a first mate. They have no ballast on board except the fresh water, and as soon as that gets low seawater will be taken on board. They have also built a galley on board to cook the food. The ancient vikings only took a big kettle with them, but that would not do in these days. The men will sleep on reindeer skins, just as the vikings did, but, unlike the vikings, they will have on board sea-anchors, oil-bags, compasses, charts, and navigation instruments."

The captain of the *Viking* is Magnus Andersen, a journalist and experienced sea-captain. The first mate is Johan Gustav Gundersen, the hero of more than one ocean adventure; and the second mate is Christen Christensen, who superintended the building of the boat.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Theatrical novelties and dramatic happenings of interest were conspicuous by their absence at local play-houses during the past week. This is almost to be expected at this time of year, when the regular season at most theatres is practically over, and the summer season not as yet well under way. At the Union Square Theatre Mr. Wilson Barrett revived *Claudian*, one of the best pieces in his repertory, and was also seen as Hamlet and Othello. In all of these plays Mr. Barrett's strong personality and impressive methods were displayed to excellent advantage. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is a particularly interesting character study, on which he has bestowed much care, learned research, and deep thought. Many of his readings are unconventional, and though sounding a trifle strange, are not unwarranted, while the whole impersonation, though lacking something of the fire and enthusiasm of youth, as a psychological study of a character which no two people seem to interpret alike is of unusual power and merit. There can be no question about Mr. Barrett's ability as actor, author, and stage-manager. If he just misses absolute greatness it is possibly because he elects to be all three rather than any one of them. But, after all, why tragedy? The old-time actor who could tear a passion to tatters in the dráma, and was able to do a low comedy bit in the farce, has passed off the stage, and with him most of the popular regard for pieces of the purely tragic kind. When we revive Shakespeare we revive his comedies, not his tragedies. The age, it is true, is one of analysis, but of an analysis too minute to find the broader, simpler human emotions of absorbing interest. The analytical mind of to-day prefers to use the microscope rather than the telescope in its search for an emotion. Mr. Barrett returns to England at the close of his present engagement.

If when Mr. Felix Morris left her company Miss Vokes lost a very excellent actor, she gained another and quite as good a one when Mr. Marius joined it. One thing, at any rate, is certain, that in the triple bill which Miss Vokes offered to her patrons last week (one which, be it said, was much better than the previous week's bill) Mr. Morris's absence from the various casts was not even noticeable. In saying that that delightful and perennial whimsicality *A Pantomime Rehearsal* was quite as amusing as when originally produced by Miss Vokes in this country, one says all that can be said of its performance in the way of praise. Like Topsy, *A Pantomime Rehearsal* was never made; it grew. Mr. Clay was indeed its putative creator, but the piece was practically written at rehearsal by the company, and as a more delightfully amusing bit of refined fooling has never been presented on any stage, it might be well to consider this method of play-writing with a view to its more general adoption. Both in the *Pantomime Rehearsal* and in *Wig and Gown*, which preceded it, Miss Vokes was, as always, entirely admirable. Her methods are rarely finished, and never fail in producing just the proper effect. In her particular line Miss Vokes is *facile princeps*; indeed, for delicate humor, lightness of comic touch, and suggestive and infectious gayety, she has not her equal on the contemporary stage. In the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, as the unruly amateur who is constantly giving up his rôle in disgust because his peculiar conception of the part is not allowed nor allowable, Mr. Marius made a most striking and artistic success. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the original in the part, played it as a scatter-brained lordling; later, the part became a French baron. Mr. Marius succeeds Mr. Morris in it, but does not follow him. He gives us a typical little French gentleman, voluble, irascible, vacuous, and stupid, but most genial, most attractively humorous. As a bit of refined artistic burlesque Mr. Marius's acting in this part could hardly be surpassed; for even while turning cart-wheels and being generally ridiculous, he contrives to be both legitimate and artistic. *A Pantomime Rehearsal* ran in London for over two years; played as it now is, one would think that it might almost be continued indefinitely at Daly's Theatre.

College theatricals seem to be considered as a fit and proper medium of college festivities, recreations, or charities all over the English-speaking world. Foreign students act too much in a different way, are too much given to Kneipen and duels, and so are too much taken up with beer and bandages to devote much care or attention to things histrionic. But there is scarcely a college or university of any size in this country or in England which has not an association of one kind or another formed for the purpose of allowing its members to disport themselves on the stage. At Cambridge, England, the A. D. C. (Amateur Dramatic Club) has been a recognized institution for years, and not a few now well-known actors have begun their stage career under its auspices. At Oxford University theatricals were discontinued for many years, owing to an unpleasant scandal which caused an upheaval of university social life for the time being. The Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard has an almost national reputation. The same may be said of the Strollers of our own Columbia University; and many other similar organizations in other colleges have attained at least local celebrity or recognition. Yale is again about to engage in college theatricals, having organized a society which is about to produce a burlesque on a large scale. All this by way of introduction to the entertainment given by the Columbia Strollers at the Irving Place (late Amberg's) Theatre during the past week.

Considered as a regular theatrical entertainment, this burlesque on *Ivanhoe* would have been amusing. The book was decidedly well put together, the music selected with both taste and discretion, and the whole put upon the stage in a thoroughly complete, adequate, and even sumptuous style. The management of the Strollers evidently appreciated the truth of the dramatic axiom that to make money you must spend money, and in consequence spared neither pains nor expense to have their burlesque produced under the best possible auspices, and the success which was attained amply justifies their course of action. With Mr. Richard Barker in the prompter's box, Gus Kerker in the conductor's chair, costumes by Dazian designed by Baron de Grimm, and all the other details of the production in the hands of equally well recognized authorities, one might have expected that the production would have been reasonably good—but hardly, however, as good as it was. Mr. Louis Fitzgerald, Jun., danced as well as, and kicked as high and even higher than, many of the shining lights of the Vaudeville now before the public. Mr. Lamb, as a jester, was generally comical, as was also Mr. Albert La Montague, though he was somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Gresham as the erstwhile polished villain of *Adonis*. Mr. Duer's make-up and action as Rowena were quite remarkable, and Mr. Delancey Drake also made a capital woman. It seems almost invidious to particularize even thus far where all did so well and worked together with such a will and such good results. The burlesque of 1893 is certainly a glittering gem in the dramatic coronet of the Columbia Strollers. Other college dramatic clubs will certainly have to look to their laurels, as a more complete or more successful production of the kind has never been given in New York.

An "Olla Podrida" is a dramatic dish which seems to be suited to the palate of the New York public, as *Panjandrum* is attracting large audiences to the Broadway. This week witnessed the first production of Mr. Rice's historical extravaganza "1492," which inaugurated the summer season at Palmer's. *Adonis* still pursues a prosperous career at the Casino. When we add to this list *The Isle of Champagne*, which is promised at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for May 29th, it will be seen that we shall not suffer from any lack of musical extravaganzas this summer. Still, all these pieces are where they are, and in such numbers as they are, because the public wants them. This attitude of public dramatic taste may be in a way regrettable, but it cannot be overlooked. All this wealth of dramatic trifling can hardly, however, be taken as very conclusive evidence of that improvement of dramatic taste and that desire for a more legitimate style of theatrical entertainment on the part of the public which many have complacently claimed to exist. Still, much is to be forgiven to the weary and perspiring summer theatre-goer. At this season he likes his drinks frothy; why not his dramatics?

Music during the past week in New York has been represented practically solely by the concerts given by Mr. Seidl and his orchestra at the Madison Square Garden. These performances, looked upon as promenade concerts, were certainly sufficiently good, but hardly good enough to warrant the somewhat grandiloquent assertion of the management that they assumed the "dignity of a musical festival." The Garden amphitheatre is not a good locale for orchestral music; there is an echo which blurs everything, and which makes anything like delicacy or sentiment in orchestral work an impossibility. This may in a measure account for the fact that the music produced by Mr. Seidl's orchestra sounded for all the world like that made by an orchestrion. There was great technical accuracy, plenty of noise in the way of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, but little in the way of inspiration or feeling. It was music-painting of the extreme impressionistic order, tone-color laid on thick with the palette-knife of crude and often rude effect rather than with the brush or pencil of refined detail or delicate finish. As heard in Madison Square Garden, Mr. Seidl's orchestra can hardly be considered to have improved, or even to play as well as it did. As a representative metropolitan orchestra it is certainly not remarkable. Mr. Seidl is, however, to be congratulated on the exceeding interest and variety of his programmes, and also on the enterprise which leads him to place upon his programmes pieces like the prelude to *I Rantzau*, selections from Leoncavallo's new opera *The Clown*, and other novelties, which were heard with exceeding interest, though under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances.

Reginald de Koven.

BISHOP-ELECT LAWRENCE.

William Lawrence, newly elected Bishop of Massachusetts, was born in Boston in 1850. He comes of a line of merchants. His father was Amos A. Lawrence, a man eminent in Boston commercial circles, and influential in the early history of Kansas. The city of Lawrence, Kansas, and Lawrence University, Wisconsin, took their names from him. His grandfather was Amos Lawrence, who, with his brothers, gave the family name to Lawrence, Massachusetts. William Lawrence's mother, born Appleton, was the daughter of another great Boston merchant and politician.

The Bishop-elect graduated at Harvard University in '71, in the class with the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, William E. Story, Charles J. Bonaparte, and a number of other well-known men. He took his degree in divinity at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, in '75, going thence to the position of assistant minister of Grace Church, Lawrence. In a year he was made rector of the parish. In '84 he became Professor of Homilectics in the Episcopal Theological School, and upon the death of Dr. Gray, in '88, Vice-Dean and then Dean of the school. In '74 he married Miss Julia Cunningham. In '88 he published a life of Amos A. Lawrence. In '89 he was made Preacher to Harvard University. May 4, '93, he was elected Bishop for the diocese of Massachusetts.

Dr. Lawrence cannot recollect anything remarkable in his life. "Nothing ever happened to me," he has said a good many times this week, unconsciously repeating words of his illustrious predecessor. He pulls at his mustache and thinks; presently he remembers—that he is married, or that he preached the "Ancient and Honorable's" sermon once, or, at a sudden inspiration, he despatches little Ruth to her mother to learn whether Mrs. Lawrence is a *great* or a *great-great*-granddaughter of the first Bishop of Massachusetts.

Others remember more. They recall his success among the operatives at Lawrence, and among the cultured people of St. John's Chapel, Cambridge—lovely St. John's, celebrated by Longfellow; the enthusiasm with which he is received at the university, and at Trinity Church, Boston, and the high position to which he has brought the Theological School. They know that his has been that most admirable of careers, one in which every duty is so well done that it pushes inevitably into higher duties. The speech which named Dr. Hall as a rival candidate for the bishopric plead with the convention not to rob Cambridge of a man which it could not spare, but to take from England—a species of McKinleyism which met with no response.

The characteristic of Dr. Lawrence's preaching is its healthy manliness. Honest, frank, robust, vigorous, unconventional—those are his frequent words, and words which one must use to describe him. He is shy of sentiment. His grasp is on the realities of life. His spirit is that of Kingsley, Maurice, Robertson, and Brooks. In social relations he is a thorough democrat, equally at home upon Admiral Gherardi's flag-ship and in the cottages of the poor. His residence is one of the most delightful houses in Cambridge, making a pretty picture with the old Longfellow mansion, which stands next it. Here one is always meeting the men of the day—Professor Drummond, Bishop Potter, Sir Lyon Playfair, the Lord Bishop of Derry.

Dr. Lawrence was persuaded with difficulty to think of accepting the office to which he is now called, but having accepted it, he enters upon his duties gladly. No man stood nearer to the late Bishop than he did, and no one is better fitted to take up the work of the diocese in the spirit with which Phillips Brooks carried it on, and yet to join with that spirit a strong administrative individuality.

THE HON. THOMAS H. CARTER,
Re-elected Chairman of the National Republican Committee.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

Mr. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who has been continued as chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a young man, having been born in 1854 in Ohio. He has lived in Illinois and Iowa, and went to Montana in 1882. He was a Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Montana, and after the admission of Montana to the Union as a State he was elected its first Representative. Mr Carter is considered to be a man of great political shrewdness, and in the West he is said to be a "hustler," which means that he is full of energy and vim, and fertile in resources.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

BY POWHATAN H. CLARKE, FIRST LIEUTENANT TENTH U. S. CAVALRY.—ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

EVEN a cavalry enthusiast must stand spellbound when on his first day in Berlin he meets one of the infantry regiments of the Guard returning from the Tempelhof. The sharply accented field music, with its strange mixture of fife, cymbal, and bells, catches the ear, strikes the soldier chord, and causes the heart to beat to its quick rhythm. Glancing past the group of mounted officers leading the regiment, the eye becomes fixed on the powerful young athletes swinging along behind them in perfect lines, trousers in boot-tops, and long rifles over their shoulders. Every

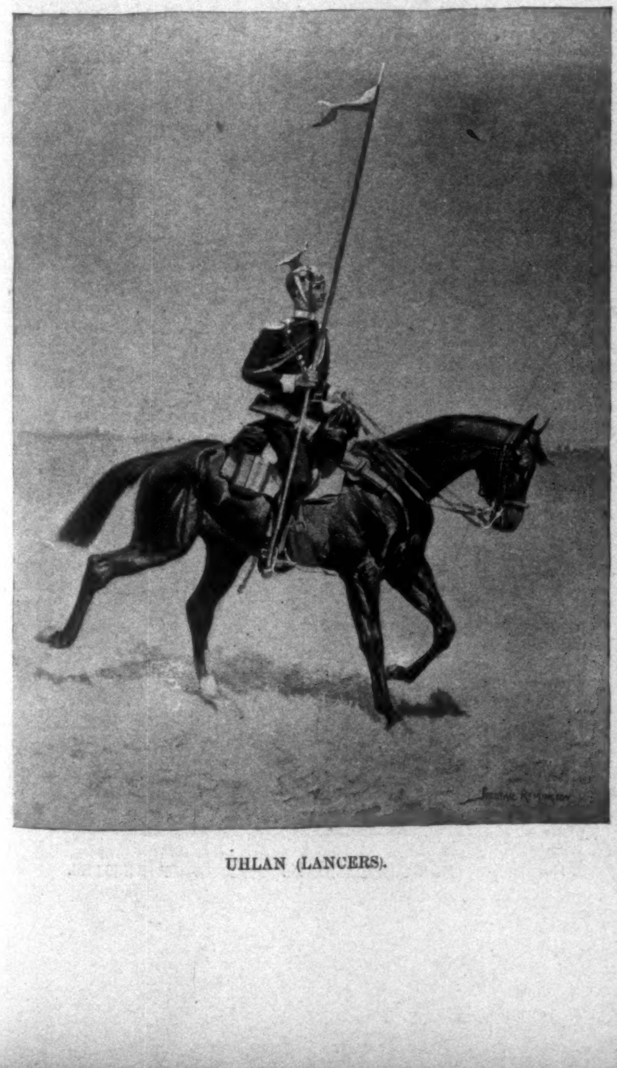
INFANTRY OFFICER.

man is straight and springy. The good open faces show no sign of fatigue, though for six hours these men have been marching, wheeling, charging, and hurrahing over the dusty sun-parched drill-ground. Well do you say these *are* soldiers, and your mind goes back to the old father of Frederick the Great and his frantic pursuit of giants, whom he bought or trapped from every country in Europe. At Jena the great-grandfathers of these men walked up at seventy-five steps a minute against the murderous French skirmishers, faced about and walked back with equal gravity, suffering most frightful slaughter with that stern discipline, courage, and endurance which since its creation has stamped the Prussian infantry as the finest of any land or age. These are the regiments that made the attack on St. Privat, where in ten minutes, six thousand of their men fell before the galling mitrailleuse and chassepot.

PRUSSIAN DRAGOON OFFICER.

Proudly do these men wear the white stripes (insignia of the Guard) on the high red collars.

After hearing so much about the crowds of soldiers in Berlin, one is rather struck by the absence of them in the streets during the greater part of the day, but on becoming acquainted with German military life the reason is obvious. The German soldier is anything but a parade figure. He and his officer are, above all else, workers, and of the thousands in Berlin there is not a single one who has not his appointed duty that occupies most of the day. The drill-ground, the barrack-yard, the Military Gymnasium, Military School of Telegraphy, the Academy of War, and that great soldier university the General Staff, with its departments of archives, topography, map-making, manœuvres, and railways, are grinding away day after day with that persistent conscientious energy which characterizes every member of the great army.



UHLAN (LANCERS).

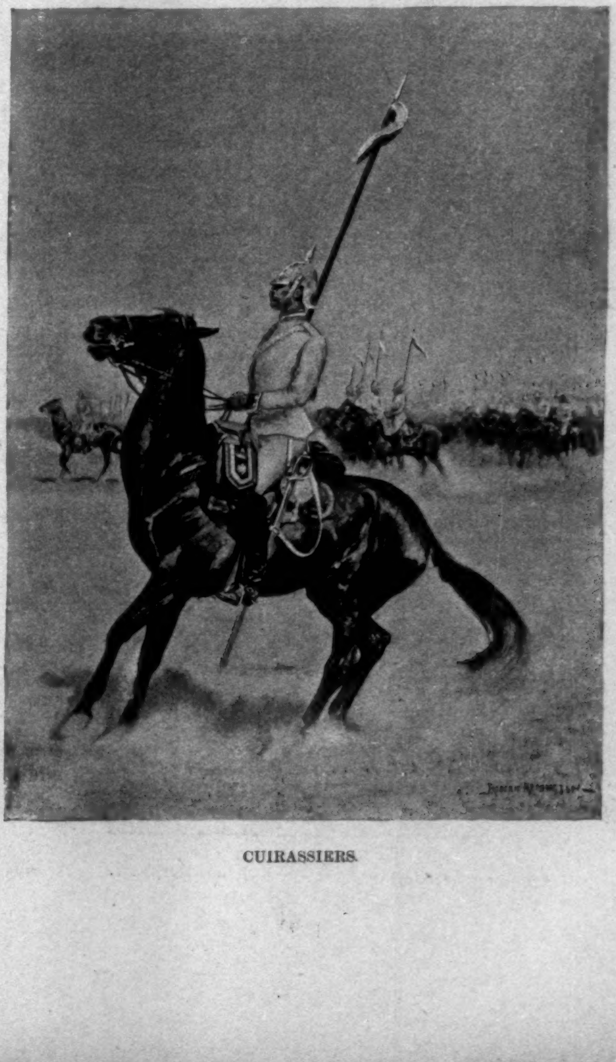
Now and then an open carriage rushes past with an officer in full uniform going to report to the Emperor; infantry orderlies hurry on with great leather sacks filled with letters to the different bureaus and the War Ministry; but not until late in the afternoon do the crowds of sober-clad citizens become dotted with groups of uniforms. Even now one looks in vain for brilliant colors; for, excepting an occasional hussar in his picturesque dress or a dragoon officer, one sees only the dark undress uniform always worn off duty. To go into a description of German uniform, however, would require a history of every regiment, each having some distinctive mark given by some feat in battle. A type frequently seen is that of the young infantry lieutenant, with shiny shoes, glistening helmet, and tight coat, holding his long sword and white gloves in the left hand, ever ready with the right to give or return a salute, and readjust the ornamental eye-glass, that must be let fall for this important function. Even double glasses or spectacles must be taken off in saluting.

The most prominent figure of every drill-ground is that of the hearty dignified old general, who can be easily distinguished by the broad double trouser stripes and heavy shoulder-knot of gold cord, always with the ribbon of the Iron Cross in the right-hand third buttonhole of his long dark coat, and usually with the order of merit hanging at his collar. This is the type of the great men who made united Germany; who were the heroes of Düppel, Königgrätz, and Gravelotte. The vitality of these generals is so extraordinary that I cannot refrain from a few statistics. The senior Field-Marshal, Count Blumenthal, entered as Second Lieutenant in 1827; became First Lieutenant in '44, Captain in '49, Major in '53, Lieutenant-Colonel in '58, Major-General in '64, Lieutenant-General in '66, General in '73, and Field-Marshal in '88. Prince George of Saxony, commanding the Twelfth Corps (Saxon), entered the service in 1846; Prince Albert of Prussia, in '47; Marshal von Pape, in '31. Bismarck, who is now carried on the register of the Sev-

UHLAN OFFICER.

enth Cuirassiers and Second Landwehr Regiment of the Guard, with the rank of General Field-Marshal, entered as Second Lieutenant in 1841; became First Lieutenant in '54, Captain in '59, finally General in '76, and Marshal in '90. Count Caprivi entered the army in 1850. One veteran still on the list, Count Pückler, made Field-Marshal in '77, entered the army in 1815.

Nor must you imagine that these generals are any the worse for wear. You have only to see their clear blue eyes



CUIRASSIERS.

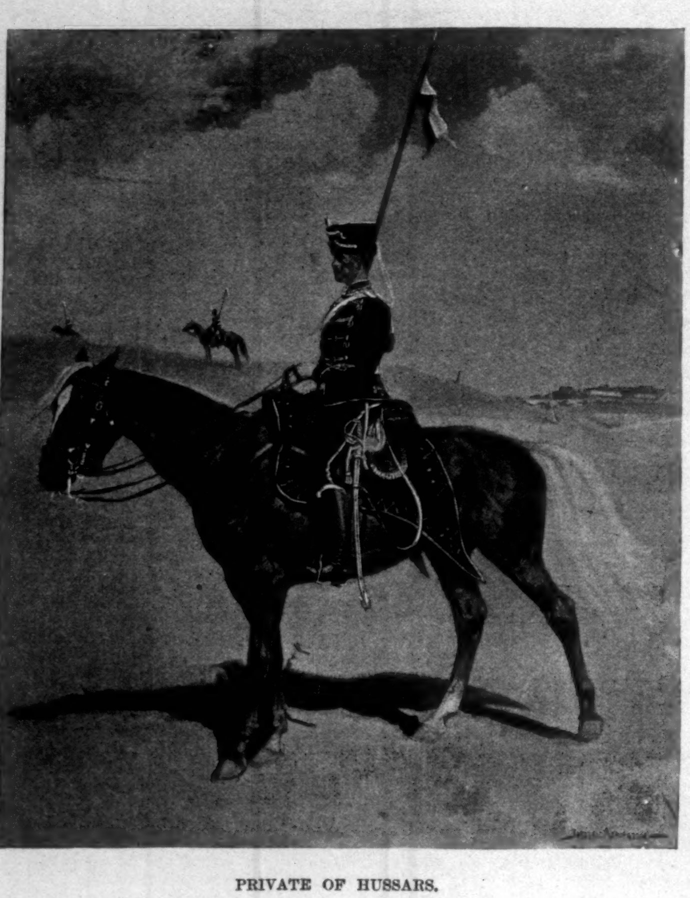
OFFICER OF THE GENERAL STAFF.

GENERAL OFFICER.

taking in every movement of each man under their command at the long tedious inspection; to see them, early in the winter morning, at the riding-halls exercising their horses; or on the drill-grounds, taking ditch and fence at the head of the troops, on the manœuvres, when they sit in the saddle from six to twelve hours at a stretch, receiving reports or dictating movements, handling brigades, divisions, or corps with more ease than we are wont to see our small squadrons or half-manned regiments handled.

Next in importance to these splendid generals come the officers of the General Staff, distinguished by the plain uniform, very much like that of the generals, the collars and stripes being deep crimson instead of red. Only men who have distinguished themselves as efficient regimental or brigade adjutants, or who have passed the course at the War Academy, are admitted to the General Staff, and although the German army serves a monarchical government, appointments and promotions are so free from all influences except that of real merit, physical and mental capacity, that the system stands in strange contrast to the methods in our own republican country.

After the day's manœuvre, when the officers have been assembled by the commander, and praise or censure has been delivered for capable or faulty movements, and the delinquents have made their excuses, the sharp call for adjutants is given, and these latter assemble about the chief General Staff officer, note-book and pencil in hand, without ceremony or formality. A few quick instructions are given by the latter; then, with a precise salute, the adjutants are dismissed, and go galloping in all directions. In twenty minutes the twenty-five thousand men who massed on every hill and ridge, lining every ditch and wood border, have disappeared, and they are soon resting in the day's quarters among the scattered villages and farms. The same fairy wand, which in these realistic days is the commonplace lead-pencil, has marked down all dispositions for the night, the next day's march and battle. Only such a staff of trained officers, acquainted with every factor of modern war, from the rate of speed of the slowest foot-soldier to that of the fastest express engine, is competent to direct the gigantic national armies of the nineteenth century and cope with the conditions of modern war. While contemplating these prosaic features of war, the sight-seer is suddenly startled by the rush of a column of horsemen, with clanking sabre and fluttering lance pennant. From every lane leading to the wood-encircled plain emerge similar columns. The practical American cavalryman is surprised at the uniformity and rapidity of the gallop, but surprise changes to wonder as at the signals of a few shrill whistles each column deploys, forming in a twinkling, without halt or hitch, a long line of a thousand lancers. Suddenly the air is rent by the trumpets sounding the inspiring "Charge," a thousand warrior voices yell the wild "Hurrah," answered by another line of equal strength sweeping on over the soft level turf to meet the first like a great silent summer storm-cloud, glittering with flashes from the bright lance points. Just as the lances seem to touch, another piercing signal peals from the trumpets; the lines stop; then one breaks in flight, pursued by the other.



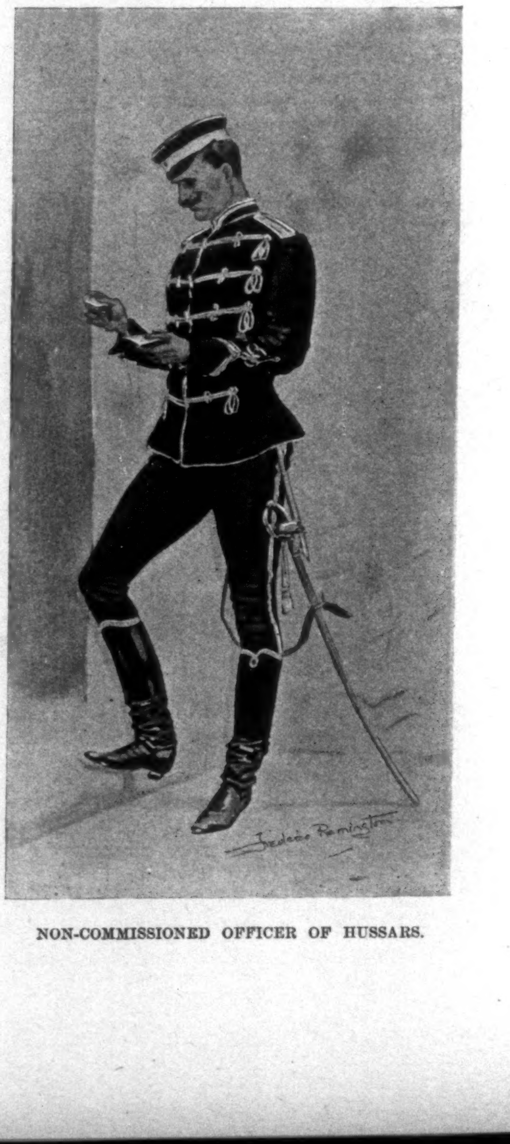
PRIVATE OF HUSSARS.

The drill ended, the regiments come back, trotting briskly, headed by huge cuirassiers in white with glistening helmets of steel. Except for the breast-plate and three-cornered hat, this uniform has not changed since Hohenfriedburg. Every officer is a noble, and many a name, like that of Blücher, Ziethen, or Schwerin, vouches that the blood so nobly given to build up Prussia under Frederick, or to save her from both Napoleons, is still ready to flow in defence of the father-land. Behind these officers ride the yeomen of Brandenburg, never grudging the three years spent in manly training, but thinking of their cottages, on the walls of which hang the sabres and medals wielded and won by five successive generations of their peasant-soldier ancestors, as proud of their race as the Hohenzollerns themselves. Next come the Uhlans, so famous in the early reports of the war of '70. Their peculiar hat is a relic of the Polish lancers, light, graceful, and well suited to ward the sabre cut, though I should think that during rapid movements in a tangled forest the wearer might easily meet the fate of Absalom. The entire German cavalry is now armed with the steel-tube lance, the distinction between cuirassier, dragoon, lancer, and hussar being only one of uniform and different weights of horse and trooper. Least in weight, by no means in value, as shown by the record of their regiments, are the hussars, their jacket, called the "Attila," brought down through all these ages from the Hunnish invader. Never can I pay sufficient tribute to the courteous, polished kindness with which I was welcomed and treated by one of these regiments, the Eleventh Hussars, during my year of duty with it. This regiment has a most romantic history.

Formed in 1807 by Napoleon, it suffered untold losses and hardship from the worse than Apache warfare, and against the cruel, enraged mountaineers of Spain. Hurled, in 1812, from sunny Castile to frozen Russia, it was, with the exception of a few platoons, annihilated during the campaign. It fought for Napoleon with such splendid courage at Leipsic and Dresden as to call forth the praise of even that great master. As recompense, when beaten back with him on to French soil, it was disarmed and unhorsed, its men were insulted by the people of every town in France through which they were dragged, and only the officers of French birth received commissions in other regiments. No wonder these stanch Westphalians were glad when Prussia took them to meet Napoleon in the victorious Waterloo campaign! One can well realize the feeling that thrilled its ranks as, one day when the opposing forces stood facing one another, a scarred veteran, who had served since 1807, rode out with a lance borrowed from a Silesian Uhlan, and defied any Frenchman to come out and fight, running his lance through the one who came.

I regret that space does not allow me to dwell longer on each one of Mr. Remington's excellent sketches: on the private of the Garde du Corps, a giant trooper with his forty-two-inch rapier, and steel helmet surmounted with the silver eagle of his regiment; another, a typical swell of a dragoon regiment in his long sky-blue frock-

PRIVATE OF THE GARDE DU CORPS REGIMENT.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF HUSSARS.

coat; lastly, the characteristic one-year volunteer of hussars, whose scars from the last duel at Heidelberg are not quite healed as he proudly struts along in his new uniform. Nor can I point out the details of armament, equipment, and riding, which, however, is rendered unnecessary by the skill with which the artist's pencil has so truthfully portrayed them.

Yet I cannot leave this subject without begging every American, citizen or soldier of our regulars or national guard, who should be proud and happy that it is not necessary for us to put our necks under the yoke of this century's militarism, nevertheless to give some thought to our country's safety. The very smallness of our army is the reason why it should be the most nearly perfect in organization, discipline, and efficiency, and why every citizen should make time to serve in the militia of his State.

With our little army and the militia overidden by bureaucracy, devoid of a competent modern staff organization, without cannon or modern small-arms, with depleted ranks, deplorable lack of instruction, with civilization daily transforming the frontiersman with his rifle into the city clerk, and the bold Texas ranger into the sheep-herder, well may we dread the day when we must unfurl the flags of Bennington, New Orleans, Mexico, and Gettysburg.

INFANTRY PRIVATE OF THE GUARD.

LANCER PRIVATE.

ONE-YEAR VOLUNTEER.

A KENTUCKY WILD FLOWER.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

NO one knew her just at first. They were all hanging about, waiting for the train. It was nearly due, and interest in it had taken on a spirited character. Men were rolling the red freight-truck from behind the small peaked station, and the usual loungers had sauntered to the edge of the platform with an expectant air. Most of the men had on faded blue or brown garments; their broad straw hats, bound with narrow black tape, gave the wearers' heads a strangely small appearance.

A drummer or two mingled in the crowd, and the owner of the principal store in the town stood in speech with one of them.

"Going up the road, Selden?" asked the travelling man, with a cordial intonation. Selden shook his head. He was coming on toward middle age, a quiet man with whimsical gray eyes.

"No," he said; "I just came up from the store with Hanna. His sister's expected on this train. Lives fifty miles up the road. A fourth or fifth cousin of mine; and a pretty nice girl—eh, Hanna?"

Hanna smiled a diffident acquiescence. He was slim and young. As clerk in Selden's store his opportunities for social triumphs had been many. He was conceded to be "mighty much of a gentleman," and his paleness was regarded as an indisputable proof of fine mental qualities.

"Irene takes pretty well," he said, gently, in a voice which was a trifle thin and meagre, like his bodily proportions.

It was just as he said this that the little throng first caught sight of the small figure stumbling up the hill road—a figure so queer that every one directed toward it a distinct stare of curiosity.

The railway ran along the edge of a cliff, below which the town lay, slanting a long arm toward the shining tracks. Early summer greened the sides of the hollow from which the house-tops and mill stacks rose. The smell of freshly sprouting things came sweet. Everything was bowered in the intense greenness of May; but nothing anywhere was quite so green as the gown which the stumbling figure wore.

Some one on the platform gave an exclamation.

"Why it's Lyde!" he said, with a note of surprise. "Fellers, it's Lyde Helders!"

It was not strange that they had not recognized her. They were used to seeing her in a short gown of dull blue homespun, her checked sun-bonnet hanging from her shoulders, a bushy heap of light hair blowing about her face. This mass of locks, commonly as fluffy as ripe wheat, was now tightly knobbed at the back. On the temples it shone with a soapy sleekness. Instead of the blue gown, scarcely of ankle-length, the toiling figure wore an emerald dress of an antique fashion, the low neck and long shoulders corded with black satin. It was pinned over in front to make it small enough for Lyde's slightness, but the skirt's length apparently could not be so adapted. She was holding it up awkwardly on each side, yet it trailed in the dust, impeding the little roughly shod feet.

Nothing suggested Lyde but the beautiful tawny pink of her cheeks, and the wild shyness of her brown eyes as she lifted them upon the crowd.

"I'm clean give out," she cried. "I wouldn't of run so, only I 'lowed I heard the train blow for the crossin'."

An old woman with a carpet-bag on her arm held forth a turkey-wing fan.

"Law, Lyde, cool yourse'f off. You're all het up. And look how ye've whipped the dust inter thet er gownd." She fixed a retrospective eye on the obsolete fulness of the skirt, a dawning remembrance in her face. "'Pears to me— Why, say, Lyde! I mind thet gownd now. Your maw wore it the day she married Helders. I baked her weddin'-cake, so I did. Law! to think she's ben dead ten year, and me hearty as a bear! Say, Lyde, didn't your step-mam quarrel with you'ns for w'arin' thet gownd?"

"No, she never," said the girl, with unexpected severity. "I'd never of hed the heart to git it outn the chist 'cept for Maisie. She—she wanted me to look rale fixy to-day, 'cause—" She broke off as if the ending of her sentence had ceased to be of interest to her in comparison with the idea it suggested.

There was a furtive smiling in the faces of the others. No one presumed to laugh outright.

She was a ridiculous figure indeed; but she was Lyde, the girl who had run among them as a motherless child, riding perilously up and down on the log-cars, walking the boom-sticks like a cat, and rowing her own dugout on the breast of a tide with the skill of any river-dog among the men.

Some one nudged his neighbor.

"She's come up to see Hanna's sister. Didn't ye know? Ya-as. Hanna's ben goin' up to Helders's house right smart lately. He knows a pretty girl when he sees one, ef he *does* look like a skinned poplar saplin'! Lyde's step-mam told my woman thet things was 'bout settled. I reckon Lyde's piecin' her quilts!" He chuckled. "Lord a'mighty! It's like a painter lappin' milk. Lyde never keered fer nare thing but climbin' and wadin'—wild ez crab-grass."

The drummer had also been looking. "Queer outfit," he remarked to Selden. "But pretty. A native, I suppose?"

Selden looked him coolly in the eye. "Yes," he said, "a native, as you say. There are any number of us about here. I'm rather proud of being one myself."

He glanced toward Hanna. That young man wore a perturbed look. A little purplish color mottled his small cheek-bones. He was staring away from the girl in green, his eyes set on the tiny church steeple below.

"She's on the block!" called some one, as the tunnel target swung round.

In a moment the train, with a shrill scream, rounded the curve.

Lyde stood out of the press, a forlornly expectant look in her face. She had not been asked to come. She had even, in a dim way, doubted the wisdom of coming. But her young step-mother had said: "You go on. I don't keer how fine and fixy Hanna's sister is, she ain't no better-lookin' than you. Like as not she'll feel slighted if you ain't thar to meet her."

But in the air and walk of the woman coming down the platform between Selden and his clerk there was no hint of the delicate sensibility which young Mrs. Helders had conjectured.

She was talking fast and loud. Her smart blue serge skirt was lifted to show a russet shoe. She was not very young; her face had a jaded look, its thin cheeks flaccid and colorless. But the Maid Marian mince of her tan boots, the airy nods of her head, enshrouded in a white veil, even the patronizing coquetry of her manner to Selden, impressed Lyde with an awful sense of worldly completeness.

"The scenery is perfect," Hanna's sister was saying. "And the people are such queer loves of things. Oh, *John!* do look at this funny creature in green. This girl here—Why, where are you looking?—right here."

Lyde had stepped forward, her eyes beaming with cordiality and admiration.

"She's going to speak to us," said Hanna's sister. Hanna himself had dropped a step behind.

"Of course she's going to speak to us," said Selden. "How do you do, Lyde? Irene, you must know Miss Helders. She and John and I are old friends. And," he added, "Lyde knows all the pretty places round here. Perhaps she will show them to you."

Miss Hanna smiled rather stiffly. "But I'm so afraid of snakes and things," she cried, childishly, "I shall not dare to go about much unless *you* are along to take care of me!" Her bluish eyes rested confidingly on Selden as the three began to go down hill.

"Ain't you coming, Lyde?" called Selden.

"No," said Lyde; "I'm goin' the other way."

In the sitting-room of the ramshackle house at which Hanna boarded, his sister turned upon him.

"John Hanna," she began, in a tone at which he winced, "who is that girl?" She jerked her head toward the brow of the rise as if Lyde's pathetic form still stood where they had left it, with a sheer of limestone at its feet and a leafy bank behind it.

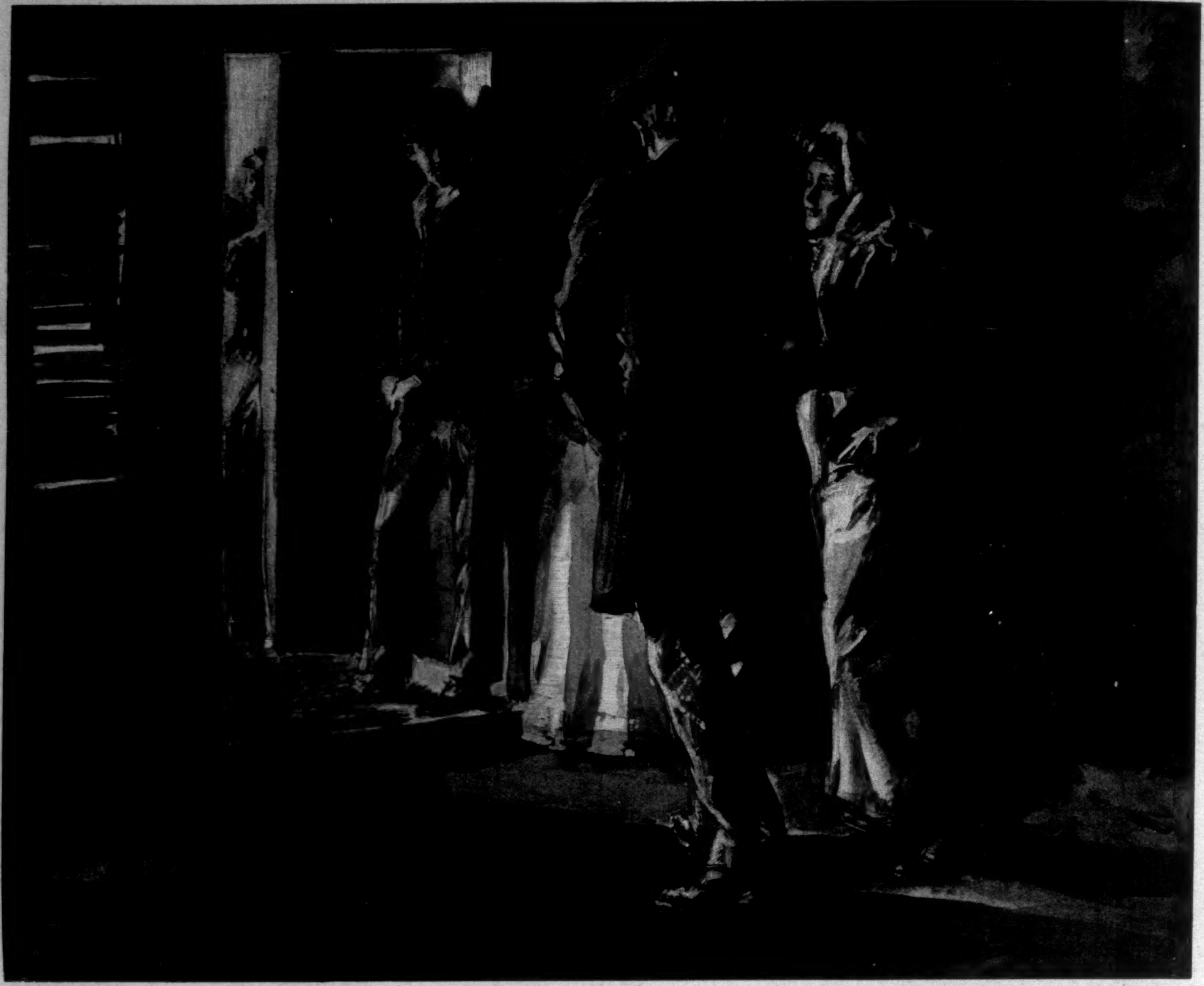
Hanna essayed a small resentment. He had always been in awe of this sister of his, whose social ambitions seemed to him to shadow forth a high intelligence.

"She's a daughter of Helders the sawyer."

"She is! And what did Amos Selden mean by saying you and her are good friends? That's what I want to know. Look here. Are you paying attentions to her?"

Her brother's faint brows wrinkled. "I go up to see her sometimes. She's a right sweet girl. And—she don't always look like she did to-day. I reckon she was kind of fixed up on your account."

Irene, leaning back in the splint chair, tapped the rag carpet with her heel. There was haughty amusement in her air. The very meanness of the poor furniture reassured her. In her own town she was sometimes aware that she did not impress people with her own idea of herself. Their



"HANNA WAS STANDING AGAINST THE DOOR-POST, A BLUE NECK-CLOTH BUNCHED BELOW HIS CHIN."

manner seemed to imply that she took herself too importantly. But in this hamlet of the knobs she had a pleasing conviction that no one would withstand her pretensions.

"I'm glad I came down," she remarked. "The idea of you making up to a hill girl! I'd like you to remember who you are. We had two uncles that was preachers. I'm going to give Selden a piece of my mind for not telling me what was going on. I'm mortified to death. If he don't pay me the attention he ought to, it 'll be on account of your doings."

"I had to have some one to talk to," said Hanna, with a sulky brow.

"Well, you got me now," his sister reminded him. "Are you going back to the store? Tell Selden to come to see me this evening. I got a message for him."

Selden received this invitation in silence. He was looking over a bill of lading, and as he filed it away he said: "We must make Irene's visit as pleasant as possible. A ride over to Wayneville would be something. We'll get up a party—half a dozen or so. You'll ask Lyde, of course?"

Hanna took a basket of eggs from a woman who had just come in. "I don't know as she'd care for it," he remarked. "She's gone over the road so often."

Selden lifted his brows. The matter was indeed trifling enough to be easily dismissed from a busy mind. In a week or two, however, it befell that he was reminded of it.

He had gone down to the boat-landing to inquire about some freight which had not come. The weekly steamer from the South was just making the bend of the river, and as he watched it shear the water into a flying cloud of woolly white, he noticed a skiff pushing into the bank below him. A girl was rowing. When she sprang on shore he saw that it was Lyde, clad as of common, in a dull blue gown. She had a dinner-bucket on her arm, and her bonnet hung by a string from her neck.

Selden gave a little start as she came near enough for him to see how a few days had changed her. Her eyes no longer had a wild, free glance like that of a mountain creature. They surveyed Selden incuriously; and he, having known her always, felt a pang at the hard set of the soft mouth.

"Lyde," he said, greeting her, "why haven't you been to the dances lately? We've missed you. Has it been too warm?"

"No," said Lyde, "but I hedn't no one to go with. *He* 'ain't ben up our way sence his sister come." She spoke without dramatic bitterness, stating the fact simply, and making no secret of her lover's neglect. "You like her, don't you?" she queried, in a moment. "I hear tell as you're settin' up to her?"

She looked very much of a child as she stared up at him with musing brown eyes, which seemed to be trying to figure him in a loverlike attitude.

Selden colored. He could scarcely explain to what extent his position as Miss Hanna's admirer was forced on him by that young lady's arrangement. "It's all nonsense," he growled, "your staying away from everything. Look here, Lyde. I don't care a rap for these things. I quit caring for 'em long ago; but let's fix up a scheme. You—a—like Hanna pretty well, don't you?"

Lyde nodded wishfully.

"He isn't worth it," laughed Selden. "But see here, Lyde, I'll help you bring him to what the parson calls a realizing sense of himself. I know he thinks a heap of you. But that sister of his—Now listen. You go home and get ready for the dance to-night at Wayne's. I'll take you. I'll be your beau for a while. We'll make him jealous—eh?"

Lyde's glance brightened. A ripple of laughter skimmed over her face like a little breeze on seeding grass. "Of you?" she said, without a trace of sarcasm—"jealous of you?"

Selden felt taken aback. It was as if he had lifted a small storm-beaten bird, and the thing had suddenly bitten his finger. "Don't laugh at the bridge which carries you over," he said, gravely. "I'll come for you at early candle-lighting."

She went on toward the mill with her father's dinner, and Selden had a curiously stinging remembrance of the mirthfulness in her eyes and the joyous scorn in her lips.

He wondered if it were possible that many besides Lyde set his merits so in the eye of scorn as to compare him unfavorably with Hanna. "A poor stick," he said to himself—"a poor stick of a fellow!"

Lyde's step-mother, a fat young woman with an unctuous, roseate glow in her placid cheeks, listened with approval as the girl told of Selden's proposition.

"You go on," she advised, patting the back of the baby on her knee. "Ef 'twas me, though, I'd snap my fingers at John Hanna."

Lyde gave a quick sob. "'Tain't him," she said; "it's her; it's Irene."

The dance was well forward when Lyde and her escort arrived. A long way off they caught the thin resonance of a fiddle and the heavy thud of feet. It was a beautiful night. Against the dusk yellow of the west the highlands ranged black and soft. In a thicket of trees ahead the light of the house to which they were going burned dim, a mere fluff of gold-dust against the dark leafage.

Hanna was standing against the door-post, a blue neck-cloth bunched below his chin. Irene was also looking on. A quadrille was in progress, and her smile held an intimation of condescending interest. She regarded Selden with a look of surprise.

"And Miss Helders!" she said.

"Yes," said Selden, standing black and square against the dipping red of the candles on the mantel—"beauty and the— Oh, here's a place in this set, Lyde! This is ours."

Lyde's laugh rang out gayly. She had caught the infection of the hour. The light, music, and movement excited her, and Hanna's face, pale and resentful against the white door-post, dashed her cup with sweetness. She danced with joyous abandon, her yellow hair flying. The stiff flounce of her muslin skirts rattled as she moved.

"Lyde's a picter, ain't she?" remarked a big bearded fellow to Hanna. "Selden's got good taste, ef it is sortuh slow-actin'!"

Irene touched her brother's arm. "This is a little dull," she said. "Let's go."

Hanna's lips looked sulky. "I ain't in any hurry," he deliberated. But his sister, gathering her pink lawn skirts up, gave him a glance to which he yielded.

"Do you suppose he could of *asked* that girl to go to the dance with him?" questioned Irene.

"How do I know?" replied her brother, testily, as he kicked a stone from the path.

It was by no means pleasant to see Lyde apparently unaffected by his neglect. He divined that Selden's kindness to the girl was in way of a reproof to himself. The reproof operated as Selden had foreseen; but he had not foreseen that Hanna's small dogged pride would steel the young man against even the pangs of jealousy.

Irene herself found the situation rather discomforting. The thorn was in her own shoe; for Selden no longer stopped at the boarding-house of an evening to smoke his cigar on the door-step, and as the days passed, Irene seldom saw him at all except in company with Lyde.

Sometimes Irene saw them go by on horseback, Lyde's bright hair blowing, her thin long skirt swelling across the sturdy hill horse's rough flank.

During a week of revival meetings Irene frequently noticed the two at church. As she studied Lyde's face Hanna's sister was aware that in some strange sort it was not the face of the girl who had worn the green gown on that fatal May morning. Lyde had an anxious look. She started when some one slammed the door. She sat a little away from Selden's side, and now and again gave his grave face a little furtive glance.

But whether the rich paleness of Lyde's cheek were the result of Hanna's continued coldness, or merely the workings of a conscience aroused by certain lurid pictures which the parson was graphically painting, Irene could not determine.

A distinct resolve, however, printed itself in her small fading face as she observed Selden and noted the dignity of his figure.

"Look here," she said, sharply, to her brother. "I was a good deal prejudiced against Miss Helders just at first. I admit it. She certainly was a figure of fun in that green dress. But since I've seen more of her— I'm a pretty good judge of character, and I never want to stand in any one's way if I can help it. The fact is, John, I see you're pretty bad off about her. And I must say I think she's as beautiful a girl as I ever laid eyes on. I've made up my mind that if you want to marry her I won't say a word."

Hanna made a sound decidedly like a short disdainful laugh. He had a worn look, which gave his face a strong resemblance to Irene's.

"I don't care what you or any one else says or thinks," he said, shortly. "I'm going to do as I please. I've made her suffer just all I'm going to. Did you notice how pale she looked to-night? But she hasn't felt any worse than I have. It's just killed me to see her with Selden. She's going to the boat party with him to-morrow night. It 'll be the last time she'll go any place with him!"

Irene patted his arm. There was a vigor in his tone which she respected. "You make it all up with her to-morrow night," she said, sympathetically.

It was just on the edge of dark when the young folk who

were asked to the boat party gathered at the foot of the mill shoot.

"Quit a-tippin' this skift!" some one cried, shrilly.

A man's voice rang out in gay remonstrance: "I'll quit quick enough, if I can git to see whar them oars is! Hold that lantern up, you fellers! I can't find whar I'm settin' this oar at."

Selden was paddling his skiff round the edge of the log-car, an end of which emerged from the black water like the muzzle of some great creature breathing itself. The lantern in the stern painted the river in pulsing carmine. In its rays he saw Lyde on the long float, her face turned to catch the words of a woman hard by.

"Oh—why, Miss Helders!" Selden heard the woman say. "My brother wants to speak to you to-night. He's got something important— Oh, there's your boat! Well, we're going to stop down below. John will see you there. He hasn't got here yet."

As Selden pulled into the stream in train of the other red-flecked skiffs, Lyde made an exclamation of surprise.

"What a stroke you're pullin'!" she laughed. "I'm splashed all over. They won't be a speck of starch in this calico agin we git down yender."

Selden laughed a little nervously as he steadied himself.

"What's that Irene was saying to you?" he asked. "Something about Hanna, wasn't it? He's something to say, has he?"

A skiff shot between them and the fringy black bank. In the lantern rays they saw Hanna and his sister.

"We're beating you!" cried Irene, gayly.

"You are indeed," said Selden, resting his oar. "You're beating me." He looked at Lyde, her pretty profile cut deep and white into the dark ground of the night.

"I reckon this is the last time," he said. "After to-night I've got to give 'way. I've rather liked taking Hanna's place, Lyde. But you—you haven't found it altogether pleasant, have you?"

"No," said Lyde, "I hevn't."

"You are honest," commented Selden, with a tinge of bitterness. "But I've seen of late that the matter was—was getting unbearable to you. Yet for myself I've been more than once on the point of forgetting that I filled another man's place—that it was all a joke."

"I hevn't," said Lyde; "I've never forgot."

Their skiff was nosing the bank. The others had landed, and their moving figures, grotesquely smote with ruddy light, could be seen half-way up the slope.

Selden, as he helped Lyde over the marshy space which the river had left in its fall, held her hand in a clasp of farewell.

"I am going back," he said, curtly. "I've got a lot of accounts to post, and—here's Hanna looking this way! I'll go before he comes. You know," and he made out to laugh a little—"it isn't pleasant for the usurper to be around when the king arrives." He added, lightly: "The peace-maker always gets the worst lick. I can't complain of my fate. But, Lyde, you'd ought to think of me kindly once in a while, for your happiness has cost me dear!"

Lyde snatched her hand away. Her head was rigidly poised, and in the gloom he saw her eyes flash.

"Don't you," she breathed, in a choking voice—"don't you dare pass sech words to me! I never ast you to do what you done. I wisht you hedn't. But now it's over, you might be man enough not to make fun o' me—not to strike me down with your light talk!"

"Lyde—"

"Oh, why didn't you let me be? I'd 'a' forgot him in a month without no help! I'd never 'a' known what it is—what it is—to live on the kind looks of them thet despise you! You aimed to be good to me. Oh, I know you aimed to be good to me! But it's like you'd cut my arm off 'cause they was a little sliver in my finger!"

Hanna was coming toward them, picking his way over a heap of drift which marked the staying of the flood. He caught the broken fall of Lyde's voice, and as he paused, bewildered, he caught also an exclamation in another tone, which seemed to hold elements of surprise, and relief, and tenderness.

"Why—is that you down there, Lyde?" he called out. "Let me help you over these snags." The shadows perplexed him. "Lyde!" he said again.

But it was not she who answered.

"Thank you, Hanna," said Selden, after an indefinite pause, his voice ringing through the gleam-flitted darkness; "*I* will take care of Lyde!"

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

III.—HOG-RAISING IN THE BLACK BELT.

JACKSON PETERS had just observed that a friend from the South was visiting him.

"Indeed?" was Jones's comment. "Well, don't tell him any of your impossible stories, or he'll never visit you again. How do you think that soulful symphony of yours about the Montana young lady you used to know, who killed the mountain lion, and twisted off his agile tail and wore it for a boa, would impress a personal friend?"

"That is one of your own stories, Jones," returned Peters, stoutly.

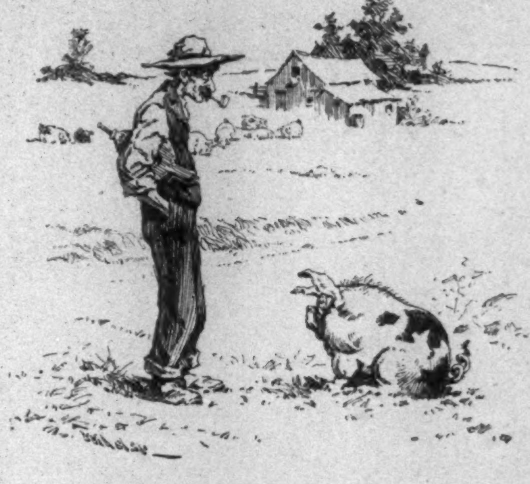
"Originally, yes, of course; all of your stories, Jackson, were once mine. But I long ago forswore such crass, open-faced romances. If I can't tell an artistic story now, I keep still. By-the-way, speaking of the South, did I ever relate my experience at hog-raising in the Black Belt?"

Jackson Peters was inclined to think that he had, but he said, "No."

"I thought not," replied Jones, as he looked at Smith complacently. "I seldom repeat myself. The recollection, Jackson, which is galloping through the reaches of your mind is of my experience in Ohio at crossing the common honey-bee with the fire-fly, and getting a bee which could work all night. You should strive not to allow your memories to become confused. I went down into the Black Belt shortly after the war, when it was a good deal blacker than it is now. It was in central Alabama. The niggers, gentlemen, were so thick that they actually darkened the landscape. The whole region was gloomy with Africans. It seemed like a partial eclipse of the sun all the while. I had a plan at one time to set up reflectors about, here and there, to lighten up things a little, but I never carried it out. I said that I engaged in hog-raising. I did, but I did not grow the native razor-back variety. You know the old Southern excuse for this style of swine—that it doesn't pay to raise a hog that can't run faster than a nigger. Still, I determined to grow the obese style of porker which we see in the fashion plates of the agricultural papers." Jones paused, and puffed reflectively at his cigar.

"Makes me think of an experience an uncle of mine had in Georgia," said Jackson Peters. "Raising chickens—chickens disappeared every night. He rigged up an artificial explosive pullet on the principle of a torpedo, and set it on the ground near his hen-house. After that neighboring negroes disappeared every night. Ran on until finally the pastor of the African Methodist church mysteriously dropped out of sight, and then the government—"

"Jackson," broke in Jones, solemnly, "who was telling a Black Belt story—you or I? I never thought when I had you in my Second Reader class at Hemlock Hollow that you would so forget the respect you owe the man responsible for your early education. As I was saying, gentlemen, I determined to raise portly, short-legged hogs. I knew what I had to contend with. I owned at that time a fine full-blooded bull-dog named the Whited Sepulchre. He was a very intelligent beast, and game. I sent to New Orleans and had made a rubber hog—that is, a rubber bag which, when inflated, had the exact outlines of one of my fine swine. It was light, strong, and pliable. I put this on my dog precisely as a diver puts on his suit. I allowed the animal's



feet, nose, and eyes to remain on the outside; and then I blew up this artificial skin with a small bellows. It transformed him into a very presentable half-grown blooded pig. A farmer or stock-raiser could no doubt have distinguished him from the genuine article, but I believe that he would have deceived the editor of an agricultural paper. I then trained him to stay with my swine, but not to run off with them when they were frightened. In fact, intelligent as the beast was, I doubt if I could have taught him to run from anything. The chapter on "The Retreat" seemed to have been lost from that dog's book of military tactics. The first evening I had my hogs turned out in the pasture in charge of my inflated dog I determined to watch the proceedings. The swine were busily engaged in hunting for pecan-nuts, when a friend and brother in the guise of a large colored person with a fondness for fresh pork emerged from some neighboring brush. Instinct seemed to teach all of those hogs except one to make off as fast as their short and largely ornamental legs would carry them. The dark voter came up rapidly, and started to fall upon this loitering swine. Gentlemen, I was myself startled to see that hog rear on his hind legs, utter a deep, blood-curdling bark, and leap for the throat of the gentleman from Africa. He just missed, and the nigger turned and ran as I never saw another free American citizen run before or since. The Whited Sepulchre kept close behind, giving vent to hollow barks. They crashed away through the underbrush and were lost to sight. In a half-hour the dog returned, and I was alarmed to see a calm expression of satisfaction in his eye which made me fear the worst. However, I conducted my hog plantation for two years and never missed a hog. I cleared $30,000, but lost it all the next year on a pop-corn farm in Kentucky."

Jones paused, leaned back in his chair, and looked reflectively at the floor. Jackson Peters sniffed the air and said:

"Jones, this is unworthy of you. This silence is but a flimsy scheme to make us ask you how it happened."

"As usual, Jackson, you're mistaken. It is a matter of public record in the Reports of the Agricultural Department that tramps fired my barn where I had my crops stored. Of course the corn popped, and there being several thousand bushels of it, it foamed all over the township to the average depth of ten feet. I was sued right and left for heavy damages, and came out, gentlemen, with only two thousand dollars in the world."

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. PADEREWSKI is to be congratulated upon his successful escape from these hospitable shores. The piano is not the only instrument of which the distinguished Polish gentleman is master. He is easily the first of coeval humans in his ability to stir into harmonious expression the emotions of that powerful and complicated creation, the American female. It would seem that if his natural endowments rendered him peculiarly fit for any great service not connected with music, it would be to give a lock of his hair to every feminine admirer whose enthusiasm seemed to deserve it. But prodigal as nature has been to him, it is clear that if he were the seven Sutherland sisters all in one, and distributed his relics on a basis of two hairs to a lock, the late demand for trophies would have reduced him to a bare poll. Mr. Paderewski is a particularly manly and reasonable man of genius, and shows no overt partiality for the *rôle* of Bunthorne. He would be more or less than human if it were not a relief to him to get six days of salt-water navigation between him and his American devotees.

Mr. John W. Mackey, of San Francisco (well known as the husband of Mrs. Mackey of London), thinks that $12,500 is too much to pay for recent repairs done on his person by two physicians. Two months ago—after Mr. Mackey had been shot in the back by Mr. Rippey—two doctors attended him. One, Dr. Keeney, a surgeon, cut out the bullet; the other, Dr. Morse, his family physician, supervised his general health. Dr. Keeney thinks he did Mr. Mackey $7500 worth of good, and Dr. Morse thinks he visited him $5000 worth. Mr. Mackey demurs to these estimates.

The matter at issue between these gentlemen concerns the comparative value of personal repairs to millionaires and ordinary people. Mr. Mackey claims that it was the man, not the millionaire, who was perforated by the bullet. He is willing to pay liberally for work done on him as a human individual, but thinks it extortionate to charge him on a basis of work done on a ten-million-dollar estate. The physicians doubtless feel that so far as Mr. Mackey is concerned they have saved him all his millions, and are entitled to compensation on that footing. When a bullet-hole is made in a very poor man they are used to consider his poverty in making out their bill, and of course it seems to them a poor rule that won't work both ways.

The dispute involves delicate questions, with much to be said on both sides. The value of the individual mended is bound to enter to some extent into any estimate of the proper cost of repair, but whether the patient's fiscal value is to be considered or merely his personal worth is another matter. In this case the simplest way out might be to send Mr. Mackey a bill based on the doctor's estimate of what he owes as a mere son of Adam, to be supplemented by another bill for professional services done his estate, and this latter to be sent in to his wife. Certainly $500 would not be too much for Mr. Mackey to pay for "repairs to self," nor would $12,000 be an excessive bill to send to Mrs. Mackey for "restoring the usefulness of one tributary millionaire."

One of the interesting phenomena that transpire annually at this time of year is the rival exploitations of summer resorts. An interesting detail of it is the zealous preference of families for the particular spot they have elected to favor over others that are near by, and apparently just as good. The people who, after anxious consideration of all the other practicable places, have hired or built a cottage at Eden, banish all doubts the instant their choice is finally made, and not only are sure that Eden is the best place to go to, but have at the ends of their tongues all the reasons for the faith that is in them. It becomes part of their summer religion to boom Eden, to make proselytes to the belief in that place, to confute doubters, and particularly to stamp out such heresies as that North Eden or West Eden is as cool, or as beautiful, or as convenient, or as salubrious as Eden is. Eden is on higher ground and better drained than North Eden; is entirely free from the smell of the soap-works, which is perceptible at East Eden when the wind is northwest; has one more train a day than South Eden; and has purer water, with fewer microscopic fin-tailed whales in it, than West Eden. And, of course, the people at Eden are more advantageous to know and agreeable to meet than the residents of any of the subsidiary Edens. And so it goes all summer long, or until the Eden boomers buy a lot somewhere else, and have their eyes opened to a new set of unequalled advantages.

Notice is served in the *Christian Union* of the impending trial of an eleemosynary experiment which has long been discussed, and is of unusual interest. In August or September the People's Bank Association hopes to open the first of several model pawn-offices for the poor. The newspapers abound from day to day with stories telling how hard it is for the very poor to borrow indispensable small sums of money, and what exorbitant rates of interest are exacted for such loans. The legal rate at pawn-shops is three per cent. a month for the first six months, and two per cent. a month for succeeding months, but most pawnbrokers supplement these rates by charges for care of the articles pawned, so that as much as 800 per cent. per annum is sometimes paid to them for the use of money. The People's Bank Association proposes to begin by a charge of one per cent. a month, and expects to start with $100,000 capital, which is to earn four-per-cent. dividends for its owners. The success of such a movement seems to depend simply on the shrewdness of the money-lender employed. With the right man in the avuncular situation there seems to be no inevitable obstacle to the success of a plan which, if it does succeed, seems bound to help the right people at the right time. Plans for the relief of pawnbrokers who succumb to competition can be devised later on if they are needed.

A novel and impressive form of retaliation upon capital was that devised by the striking waiter who entered a Fourth Avenue restaurant, ate twice through the bill of fare, and then declared that two dollars was an extortionate charge, and refused to pay it. Provided a waiter's capacity is equal to his grudge, a *table d'hôte* dinner offers him a cheap and ample opportunity to glut his revenge.

"Ask and ye shall receive" the Scripture says, but even the most pious people are apt to be half-hearted in their experiments with that promise. When they ask it is usually with emotions analogous to those of a person who has adventured his carcass upon very thin ice and expects it momentarily to let him through. They ask with conditional clauses, and rebate coupons, and mental reservations, and never make any show of confident expectation unless they have been able to compute beforehand just where everything they are calling for is coming from.

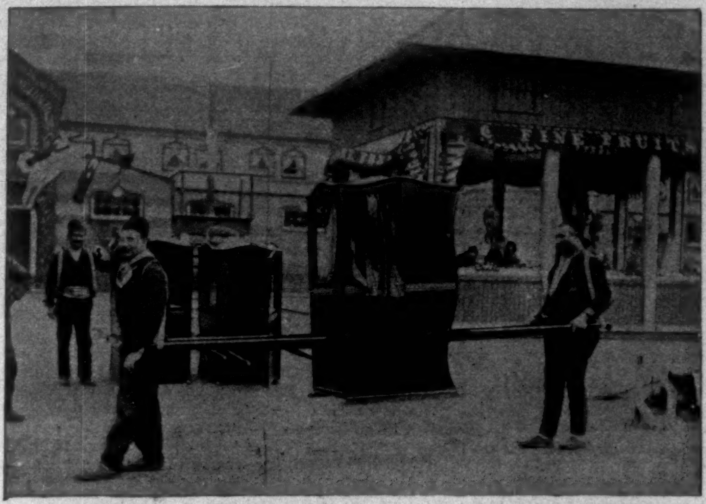
But that is not the way with Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church. What he wants he asks for plain and large, without ifs or unlesses. Of course he receives on the same scale, and he thinks nothing of it. On the first Sunday in May Dr. Greer advised his congregation that the church had need of $80,000 for repairs. The plates were passed, and somewhat more than $80,000 was taken in. That is the way they do in Dr. Greer's church. They can put any stated amount on the plates if only they have a week's notice, so as to bring the money. There are twelve hundred people in the congregation, and when there is giving to be done, pencils and paper are put in each pew so that each member can figure up the amount of his proportionate share. If the congregation were all present on Sunday a week ago, they must have given about sixty-six dollars apiece; and when we consider the periodical recurrence of Sundays at short intervals, that certainly seems a good deal to put on the plate.

Of course it may be that all the members of the congregation do not give the same amount, but in that case they must give in preconcerted proportions, or else how could they manage to give set sums with such apparent accuracy.

E. S. MARTIN.

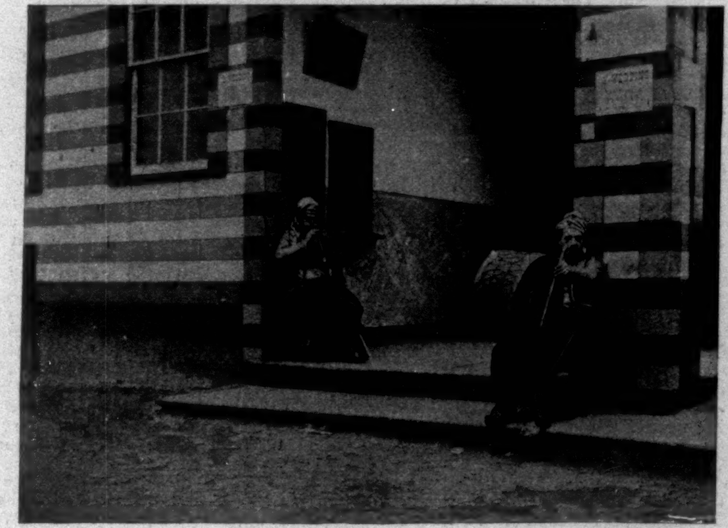
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN VILLAGE.—DRAWN BY NICHOLS AND EATON.

1 Feudal Castle of the Fifteenth Century, Caub, Germany. 2. Southeast Corner of Castle. 3. Bavarian Highland House and Spreewald House, Prussia. 4. East End of Castle, showing Moat.



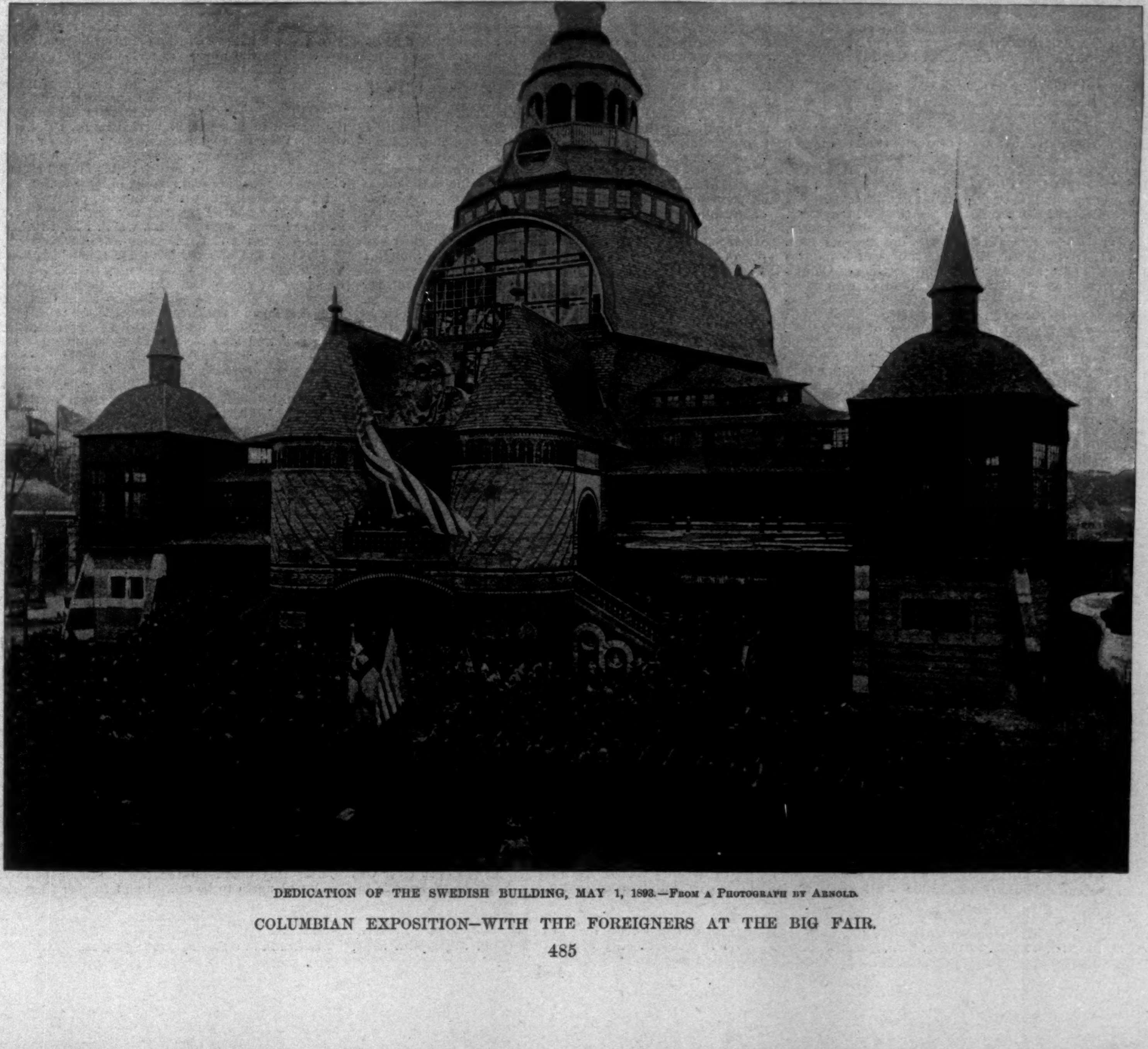
THE TURKS AND THEIR SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

WALL OF THE HUNGARIAN VILLAGE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



ENTRANCE TO THE TURKISH THEATRE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

JAVANESE AT WORK IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



DEDICATION OF THE SWEDISH BUILDING, MAY 1, 1893.—From a Photograph by Arnold.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WITH THE FOREIGNERS AT THE BIG FAIR.

ACROSS THE DIVIDE.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN., (LATE) U.S.N.

IN eastern Nicaragua, 'twixt lake and ocean, lies the rich garden of the isthmus—the "dense jungle," the "pathless swamp," of quondam writers.

Is it strange, then, that this wild and picturesque region, untrodden by the foot of man, where primeval trees defy the blistering rays of a tropic sun, and birds and beasts of prey roam at large, should hold the traveller in its mystic spell? In the weird, however, there is ever a subtle fascination, and the element of danger often adds zest to an otherwise unsavory tale.

These may be the reasons that gave me an irrepressible desire to cross the "divide"—that highest point of elevation, where meet the water-sheds of eastern Nicaragua, and where lie nine-tenths of the work of the great interoceanic canal. Each time I broached the subject to my Indian guide, however, he endeavored to dissuade me from even making the attempt.

"During the rainy season you will find the swamps waist-deep—sometimes over your head," he said to me more than once. "If you must go, wait at least until the waters subside."

There seemed a tithe of reason in the fellow's logic, and so I began to despair; for days—nay, weeks—had passed without even a glimpse of the sun. Cooped up in a thatched hut, as the floodgates of the heavens were opened for hours at a time, I said to myself, "If forty days and forty nights of rain once submerged a sinful sphere, why cannot five times forty days and forty nights solve the problem of water transit across the isthmus?" Such musings gave me, indeed, a wholesome respect for the sage who remarked, "In the tropics there are two seasons—the wet season, and the—wet season." It was consoling, nevertheless, to learn that "next month" there would be less rain—possibly, I thought, because "next month" would have less days.

Towards the latter part of February, however, the sun deigned to show his face from time to time, and the long-anticipated journey began to materialize. There was danger of the bed of the lower river becoming dry, the native, said, and I was therefore more than anxious to reach the camp at the head-waters of the Rio San Juanillo. Here at least I was sure of obtaining provisions and ammunition from the engineers. To reach this point I had to undergo an experience that I would not care to repeat. The steamer was not to sail for a fortnight, and my only hope lay in a native canoe—that rapid transit of tropical countries in which one does more wading than paddling.

Daylight was the time fixed for our departure, but the sun was many hours high before we left Greytown. A short-cut through a narrow caño was attempted, but this soon placed us high and dry upon the crest of a huge shoal. I did not quite relish the idea of removing my boots and floundering about, ankle-deep, in soft mud, possibly to disturb the gentle slumber of a moccasin or some other deadly reptile. Necessity heeds not desire, however; and so overboard we all jumped, lifted the canoe upon our shoulders, and then deposited it safely on the other side of the obstruction.

Soon we were in the deepest section of the San Juan, with a clear sweep of five miles to the westward. I settled myself comfortably in the after-part of the canoe, and then began to study my strange shipmates, or "macheteros," as they were called. Among the many odd characters that one meets in Central America none so interested me as the Carib Indian of the Mosquito Coast. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I learned that I was to spend two days on the river with seven representatives of this almost extinct tribe.

The early history of this people seems shrouded in mystery. Some writers trace their origin to aboriginal cannibals, while others declare that they are the descendants of a ship-load of Africans wrecked on the shores of Honduras many hundreds of years ago. Even in the time of Columbus, Belt says, they were known as a warlike race, ever ready to ravage the villages of the peace-loving Nahuatals. Whichever may be the true theory, the present Carib of Nicaragua certainly savors more of the African than of the Indian. Not only does he possess the characteristic features of the former, but also the guttural dialect of the tribes along the west coast of Africa. They are a tall athletic-looking race, with skins smooth as velvet and black as ebony. The fact that they all speak a little English confirms my belief in their Honduras origin.

When the Carib is not drunk he is a marvellous worker, and can paddle against a strong current from daylight until dark, never stopping even for food. While hunting the rubber he first gorges himself, and then goes into the woods, where he subsists for several days on the juice of the water-vine alone. Four or five of these fellows have been known to gather around the carcass of a wild "chancho" weighing over two hundred pounds, and never to rise until the animal had been eaten to the bone.

Following the tortuous windings of the river, we entered the San Juanillo, or Little San Juan. This stream, as its name indicates, is only a small tributary of the San Juan—a narrow caño in the wilderness.

As the boat glides through the water, and the portals of the great forests close behind, the scene becomes one of indescribable beauty. In the swamp alone—the home of death and malaria—can one see such rich vegetation. Immense trees, their tops glittering in the golden sunlight, are covered with the rarest orchids, any one of which would prove a fortune to a New York florist. Parasitic vines that were seen and admired on the main stream are here found in wonderful and intricate array. Clasped in their fatal embrace, giant branches wither and fall with a crash that makes you involuntarily shudder, and realize the wisdom of the philosopher who believed in viewing enchanting scenes from a distance.

A sudden turn and we were confronted by a huge tree that had fallen across the stream, effectually blocking the way. Overboard jumped the men for the purpose of making a hasty reconnoissance of the situation. Machetes were plied, but all in vain, for the wood was so hard that it turned the edge of the sharpest blade. There was nothing left to do but haul the canoe bodily over the log. All hands, therefore, disembarked, and transferred the entire contents of the boat to the slimy surface of the tree. The lift was by no means an easy one, but finally we succeeded, and were soon gliding up the stream again. Another turn, and still another log—this time twice the size of the first. A superhuman effort failed to surmount this obstacle, and so we began preparations to tunnel out a path. Fortunately, the wood was old and rotten; so within ten minutes we were flat on our backs in the bottom of the boat. Passing under, we were treated to a shower of dead fibre, interspersed with spiders, scorpions, and other poisonous insects.

The banks now rise. The river narrows. Tangled and thorny vines render navigation unsafe except in mid-stream. Here the current is swift, and little progress is made. The paddles startle flocks of white heron, the plumage of which is highly esteemed even in these countries, while the liquid notes of the gold and black sissitote seem to come from a thousand directions. Chicoyos, the dainty love-birds of Central America, fly lazily by in couples to roost in the dark and never-trodden swamp. Now a score of noisy parrots follow overhead, and the tops of the trees begin to surge like the waves of the ocean. Presently the cause is evident, for a herd of chattering monkeys are seen among the topmost branches.

In the midst of this impressive scene a roar as of surf broke the stillness, and the distant sound of an angelus bell chimed soft and low. The men stopped paddling, removed their hats, and devoutly crossed themselves. Though we had journeyed all day, tracing the sinuous course of the San Juanillo, and were apparently far removed from human habitation, Greytown, as the crow flies, was not many miles away. The macheteros informed me that, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, the most delicate noises are sometimes audible at the head of this stream. The explanation is simple. The adjoining country is high; and sound, travelling in the direction of least resistance, is brought here on the trade-winds.

Soon the outlines of the forest grew dimmer. The shadows deepened. And as the life and motion of the day died away, the night-birds began their low cries.

Camp Cleveland was only ten miles distant, and I had hoped, by hard paddling, to reach there ere midnight. Neither love nor money, however, can induce a Nicaraguan to attempt the ascent of a jungle stream after dark. I did not relish the idea of passing the night without shelter on the shores of this swampy district, and had almost persuaded the men that there was perfect safety in mid-stream, when our boat suddenly struck a log. A few feet away there was a great commotion in the water, and my companions declared that we had run against an alligator.

"You see, it is worth more than our lives to proceed," said one of the men, in broken English. "After nightfall all the rivers are thick with alligators. These fellows are great cowards in the daylight, but become bold after dark. They catch their prey at night, and in the morning retire to some secluded spot to enjoy it."

Although I saw and felt the log myself, the subject was beyond argument. I was therefore resigned to my fate, and watched the men as they hauled the boat ashore and began to build a "casita." This is made by placing in the soft ground four upright poles, the ends of which are forked to receive two horizontal strips. Upon this frame are lashed several strips of wild cane, and leaves of the suita-palm form the roof. Though this improvised shelter is not entirely water-proof, it protects one from the heavy dews, which in tropical countries is almost as disagreeable as rain. Spreading a rubber blanket upon the damp ground, and tucking under me the ends of my mosquito-net, I passed the night—not as comfortably as though I were in a modern hotel, but consoled with the knowledge that it might have been worse. The next morning we were under way at daylight, and reached the head of the San Juanillo early enough to enjoy a warm cup of coffee with the engineers.

Camp Cleveland was located on the bank of a river, near the junction of the Deseado with the Laguna Bernado. I found the men in excellent health and spirits, despite their work among the dismal swamps back of Greytown. I was amazed, however, to find the skin of each almost as white as that of an Albino. This, they said, was due to the dense shade of the forest, which had not been mellowed by a ray of sunshine for three months. Only the day before my arrival a new site had been selected on the river-bank, and when the men found themselves again under the clear sky one of the younger members remarked, "I feel as though I were going to fly away."

The party had been well supplied with fresh meat, for wild hogs, deer, and turkeys were found in abundance. Around their first camp in the valley of the Deseado tigers and tapirs had kept up a continual howl all night, and their tracks could be seen every morning. Only one of the former had been met during the day, and he was discreet enough to run away before giving any one a chance to shoot at him. The insects, however, had been the cause of much discomfort.

At Camp Cleveland I learned that a trip across the "divide" would be attended with great difficulty, though it might be successfully accomplished under the direction of a competent guide. Many years ago, during a previous survey, the engineers had cut a picket through the swamps, and it was barely possible that this could still be traced. If so, the journey might be, comparatively, an easy one. Besides shortening the distance to headquarters, my objective point, it would give me an opportunity to examine the proposed cut through solid rock—a problem that cannot be solved in less than five years under the most favorable conditions.

None of my canoemates was willing to assume the functions of a guide, however, for it was in this very section of the isthmus that two men of the expedition had been lost a few months previous. They referred me to two Spanish rubber-hunters, who were said to know every inch of territory from Greytown to the lake. When I reached their hut I found one of these much-desired individuals snoring in his hammock, with every indication of having passed the greater part of the morning there, while the other was off somewhere in the woods endeavoring to replenish the larder. These men were evidently in desperate circumstances, and the fellow I met did not look unlike the starving apothecary that bartered poison to the unhappy Romeo. As soon as he learned that I was well supplied with provisions, and expected to pay well for his trouble, he seemed, indeed, anxious to pilot me, declaring that he had crossed three times during the past year, and had hunted rubber all over the valley of the Deseado. It was then after noon, and I decided to start at once.

About half past twelve o'clock, with sleeping-paraphernalia and provisions strapped across our backs, we started off in the direction of the picket. As the open river was lost to view and we entered those dark forests, Dante's inscription over the gates of Inferno flashed vividly across my mind. We had scarcely advanced more than 500 yards when I saw that every inch of the way would have to be cut with a machete. My companion could accomplish little, however, weighted down as he was, and I was therefore in self-defence forced to relieve him. It was gratifying, however, to see the expert manner in which the fellow wielded his sharp machete.

The machete differs in length and form according to the section of the country and the object for which it was originally designed. In the cane-growing regions of the west coast it is about thirty inches long. The blade is slightly convex, and increases in width near the end, which is rounded, very similar to the cimeter of the East. On the Caribbean coast it is a trifle longer, but the blade is not so convex. More than once the sight of an army of Indians with these murderous weapons glistening in the sunlight has caused a stampede among the government troops.

To form an idea of the character of any section of the isthmus one must actually pass over the ground. I had been told of the steep hills in the neighborhood of the eastern divide, but never dreamed they were such as we encountered. Even a close observer may fail to detect them, for every topographical feature of the country is shrouded by dense foliage and tangled undergrowth. Do you wonder, then, that the most expert "machetero" often passes within a few feet of an immense hill without even a suspicion of its existence, or that an observant engineer is sometimes floundering about in the muddy waters of a stream he thought many miles away.

The rain of the past nine months had left the ground still soft and slippery. Fallen trees lay along the hill-sides, and we were forced to climb with hands and feet to make any progress. Just as the goal is almost reached you are entangled in a thorny vine that threatens to tear your clothes into shreds. One foot slips, then another, and down you go, followed by sleeping-gear, provisions, and rifle. Sisyphus himself could scarcely have suffered more in his endless task of rolling that mythical stone up the hills of Hades.

Soon the country became a little less undulating, and promised easier work. Suddenly a sound as of distant thunder reached us, becoming louder as it drew nearer. Even the guide was seized with an undefined terror. To me it seemed like the dreadful rumble of the volcano—a harbinger of the still more dreadful earthquake—the roar of the black squall, the discordant grunting of a thousand wild-boars. For a moment all was silent, and then it broke forth again. With rifle and machete in hand, we stood and awaited its approach. Nearer it came, still louder the noise.

Looking in the direction whence the sound appeared, we saw a great herd of monkeys, black as night, swaying the tops of a score or more of trees. None save those who have heard the roar of the "Congo" through the deathlike stillness of a tropical wilderness can fully realize the intensity of the noise that these diminutive creatures are able to make.

I was anxious to examine the vocal chords of one of these peculiar animals, and therefore selected the largest specimen within gun-shot. If the previous noise might be called intense, what qualifying adjective will express the uproar as the rifle-ball sped through the branches, and the rest of the herd scampered away, leaving their companion to his fate. The wounded simia was not inclined to give up so easily as the founder of his race, however, and wrapped his long tail around a bough, though a 44-calibre ball had ploughed its way through the centre of his body. Again I fired, but the only result was to hear an almost human groan. Another shot through the body appeared only to strengthen his muscular grasp. Not until the next ball parted the tail itself did he deign to descend. If there be any truth in the nine lives accredited to the domestic cat, then the wild Congo has nine times nine. At all events, even the fall from this lofty perch left him still groaning in a piteous manner. With an expression of intense agony, he fixed his glassy eyes upon me, put his little hands over the wound in his side, and cried like a child. The most Christianlike act that I could now perform was to put the suffering creature out of misery—and even after my hunting-knife had been plunged into his heart he continued to emit groans that are still ringing in my ears.

I felt, indeed, guilty of a murder, and vowed then and there, over the dead body of my first victim, never to kill another monkey—a resolution which I kept throughout my entire stay in the tropics.

The exertion of climbing these steep hills had made us very thirsty, and so the guide began to look for the "bejuco de agua," or water-vine. In all of these forests thoughtful Nature seems to have placed every requisite to sustain the life of man, and wherever his needs are most urgent, there has she planted that which will satisfy him. The water-vine is found all over the isthmus, but most abundantly upon very high ground, where there is little or no chance of finding any drinking water. Soon we came upon a vine that resembled an old worn Manila-rope. This the guide seized in his left hand, and with a smart stroke of the machete severed it two feet below. Another cut a little above, and a stream of clear delicious water flowed from the lower end. I drank more than a pint, and found it cool and refreshing. If the operation be reversed—that is, if the stroke is made first above and then below—no water will flow. In the latter case all of the juice immediately runs down the stem into the ground before the lower cut can be made—a phenomenon that some scientist might explain.

All day we crossed and recrossed fresh deer, tapir, and wild-hog tracks, while ever and anon on the topmost branches of the tallest trees the yellow combs of wild turkeys glistened in the sunlight, and coveys of wild pigeons flew into our very faces.

Now we approached a forest of rubber-trees, which may be detected without the eye of an expert, for they are scarred and dying from the wounds of the machete. The rubber-hunter reminds me of the woman who "killed the goose that laid the golden egg." Each tree will yield only a certain amount of the precious juice per year and retain its vitality. When one of these improvident fellows makes a discovery, however, only a few months suffice to place his bonanza in the ranks of the many that have gone before. In consequence you may traverse these forests from end to end without seeing a virgin tree. The ordinary specimen of Nicaragua is from fifty to one hundred feet high and about two feet in diameter. The bark is white, and the leaves oval, with a slight inclination downwards. The cuts are made about two feet apart, and generally extend from the ground to the first branch, channels being scored in the sides to lead the juice into a bag. The average yield of a tree is from five to seven gallons of a milky fluid. This is mixed with the juice of the "wisth," which hastens congelation. After this operation the crude rubber is baled up and shipped north to be refined and further prepared for commerce. Another tree very similar to the rubber, and often mistaken for it, is the cow-tree. This yields a liquid very much like milk in taste and appearance, and more than once was drunk in coffee by the engineers.

It was now almost sunset, and we had neither thought of the time nor of the picket, which should have been reached many hours ago. The monkey and the rubber-tree, however, had made us lose much valuable time. I was rather tired after the day's exertion, and not disinclined to eat and rest. We therefore cleared a small space and built a "castle" for the night. Before our blankets were spread darkness had closed around us. And I can't say that we longed for the "mask of the night" as did the impassioned Juliet, for with it came mosquitoes large and small, mosquitoes young and old, mosquitoes bold and ravenous, mosquitoes that could not be wounded by harsh words or even by blows.

And of the night—what shall I say? If the river-bank seemed lone and desolate, what simile can express the Stygian blackness that now shrouded the very air? Dark and impenetrable as a pall, the heart was oppressed with the stillness, broken only by the screech of an owl or the cry of some wild animal in the distant jungle. However warm the days may seem in Nicaragua, the nights are cool and refreshing—almost clammy in the forests—and one finds a heavy woollen blanket not only a comfort, but a necessity.

Those who are so fortunate as to live under Northern skies have doubtless never realized what a mosquito-net means to the belated traveller in the torrid zone. Until you have been snugly tucked under one in a dense wilderness, with the knowledge that you are secure not only from insects, but from snakes and wild animals as well, you will never believe that this simple piece of cheese-cloth is indeed an iron-clad citadel. The rubber-hunters say, and firmly believe, that no animal will ever attack a man if he be completely covered with a closely woven net. Before crawling under my canopy the guide had said to me:

"See that every inch of net is closely tucked under your rubber blanket. You need then have no fear of snakes and scorpions, and even if a tiger comes and smells you, he will go away again if no part of your body is exposed."

With this cheering bit of information, I bade my companion *buena noche* and lay down, being careful to hang both rifle and hunting-knife across the poles at the head of my "casita," and placing my revolver under the rubber pillow. Though thoroughly exhausted, I was a trifle restless, and my slumber did not seem as gentle as that of the traditional infant. The mosquitoes either forced their way into my apartment or managed to insert their long bills through the meshes, for I was soon stinging from head to feet.

Towards morning I had succeeded in scratching myself to sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a warm breath upon my head. It was still dark, and I could see nothing without. Nevertheless, an indescribable feeling told me that it was not the wind that moved the lower part of my net backward and forward. A few yards away the guide breathed heavily. He, at least, was sound asleep. My first impulse was to seize the rifle, but I remembered that this was on the pole outside, and could not be reached without exposing myself to attack, if such was the object of my uninvited guest. Without stirring, I felt under my pillow for my revolver, quietly cocked it, and awaited developments. Soon I heard the crackling of dry twigs outside, as though some heavy animal were moving about cautiously. Again the net moved, this time quite near my head. I was almost tempted to fire, but managed to remain motionless, when, to my intense satisfaction, the cause of all this anxiety moved away, evidently dissatisfied or frightened. At all events, there were no sounds outside, and so I awakened my companion.

When I told the fellow what had occurred, he did not seem at all disconcerted, but merely remarked: "Oh, well, it must have been either a tiger or a mountain-lion. I have often heard them moving about at night, but never saw one in the daytime." We struck a light, and found the tracks so large that the palm of my hand could scarcely cover them. Without further incident, we rested well until the gray dawn began to lift the veil from off the forest.

When I tried to get up, however, I felt a stinging sensation in my right leg, and I was scarcely able to stand. To my horror, I found that, after the excitement of the night, I had neglected to tuck my net snugly under me again. The fresh trade-wind towards morning had blown it aside, and exposed my leg from the knee down. This offered to myriads of tropical mosquitoes a repast which they seldom enjoy, and it was evident that each had made the most of his opportunity, for I could scarcely place the point of a needle upon any spot that had not furnished a meal for one of these ravenous creatures. I dressed in great pain, becoming conscious that my leg was already beginning to swell, for there is a tithe of poison in the mosquito bite of these countries.

We lost little time in swallowing a cold breakfast, and then started off to search for the much-desired picket. This we found with exceeding difficulty, and even then the outlook was not a cheering one. The rapid growth of vegetation had almost obliterated every trace of its direction, and as far as the eyes could follow, skeleton branches, scorched and charred by the heat of long silent years, lay across the once beaten path. The ground was soft and slippery from recent rains, and the guide looked on and shook his head. We made the attempt, however, but I suffered intense pain in the leg. Fortunately, I had a small bottle of vaseline among my effects, with which I anointed my numberless wounds, and then continued the journey to the westward.

Soon the ground became softer, and we were confronted by an immense swamp, elliptical in form. The guide sounded, and found it waist-deep for a few yards, beyond which his stick failed to touch bottom. Cutting several leaves of the silico-palm, with which the edges of all these swamps are timbered, he placed them in the water and directed me to follow. As we stepped upon each, it sank as deep as the knee, then became buoyant, and transported us safely to the other side. After climbing a few more steep hills, I was forced to slit my boot, so swollen had my leg become. I struggled on, however, scarcely able to walk. Two miles more, and the white tents of the little camp at the Saltas de Elvira would shelter us for the night. It seemed almost across the continent, however, for with each step I felt as though a thousand needles were piercing my flesh. Just as the blue smoke of the camp-fire curled above the distant tree-tops, and the savory odor of a roasting "chancho" filled the air, I was forced to succumb, and sat down, unable to move a step farther. It was then almost dark, and my companion, not wishing to pass another night in the wilderness, insisted upon carrying me. Perched upon his shoulders, he cut a path through the dense foliage, and reached camp just as the dinner-horn awoke the slumbering echoes of the forest.

Long after the memories of this jungle experience are buried in oblivion shall I recall the thoughtful attention of the engineers that night. The next morning my leg was festered, and swollen to twice its natural size. A canoe was manned by four stalwart Jamaicans, however, and they were directed to transport me down the Rio San Francisco to headquarters. Here I lay upon my cot for three long weeks to dream of a wild and picturesque region, but one that will ever remain a "terra incognita" to at least one member of the last expedition across the isthmus.

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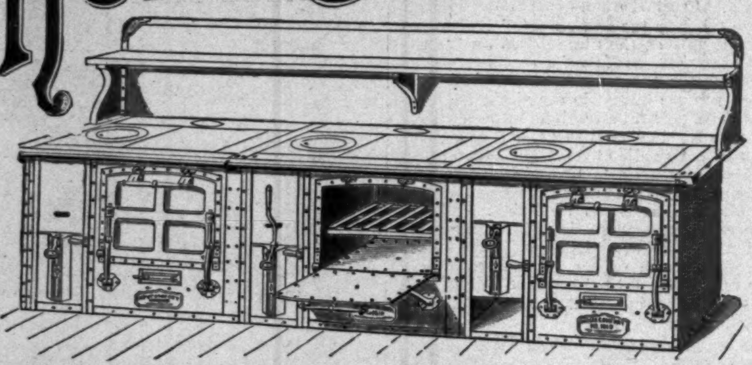

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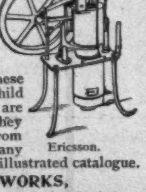

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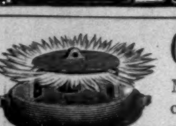

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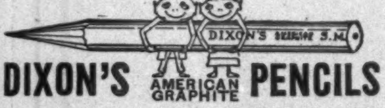

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MEET OF THE NEW YORK TANDEM CLUB—THE RENDEZVOUS IN CENTRAL PARK.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE LONDON *Field* OF APRIL 15TH publishes a tiresome letter signed by some English resident of Chicago, whose peevishness arises evidently from having been caught on the wrong side of the "market." We cull the following gems:

"I have heard rumors lately that negotiations are going on with the university crews to get them to row out here while the World's Fair is being held, in return for having their expenses paid and also receiving a lump sum of money....It is a common thing for college glee-clubs, even from Harvard and Yale, to go on concert tours during the vacations, pocketing the profits for their own uses....As another instance of the universal pursuit of the nimble (and dirty) dollar, I may say that Lieutenant Peary, U.S.N., the Arctic explorer, is advertised to give some lectures here this week....Whatever the abstract merits of the case may be, I do trust that our English university crews will—I cannot say run no risk, for that is inevitable if they come out at all—but that at least they will give no possible grounds for being classed with guides and glee clubs and mandolin-players who disport themselves for hire. H. P. T.

"[We understand that no English university crews are going to row, probably warned by the experiences of the English crews at Philadelphia in 1876.—ED.]"

We have become accustomed to the diatribes of disgruntled, ill-bred Britishers whose successful pursuit of the "nimble and dirty dollar" in this country enables them, for the first time in their life, to live like gentlemen, and were there no other point in the extracts above, no space would be given the matter here. To the editor's note, however, serious objections are taken, and a challenge hereby issued for him to corroborate the insinuation contained in his statement. The fact that the editor of the *Field* finds his space of so little value as to print untruthful as well as wearisome letters is neither here nor there, but we will not have our sportsmanship impugned without demanding the evidence on which such an insinuation is made. Either this editor is densely ignorant on the subject, or unmindful of facts which may be obtained of any of his countrymen who have tested our sportsmanship.

As for H. P. T.'s drivel it is not worth serious consideration, but for the enlightenment of the English reading public it may be well to state that college glee, banjo, and mandolin clubs in the United States make their "concert tours" for the purpose of keeping the *alumni* in touch with their *alma mater*, and that the money made over and above expenses is *given* to the support of various college sports, building of club-houses, athletic fields, and other like uses.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN ALWAYS PAY their own way. Neither our crews, our cricketers, our polo-players, nor our track athletes have ever, in the discussion of international contests, suggested that Englishmen pay a cent of their expenses, nor would either Yale or Harvard publish to the world their inability to send a crew abroad because of a lack of expense-money. When an American crew does go it will have all the money the occasion requires, and it will have come from the undergraduates and the *alumni* without any preliminary flourish of trumpets.

Lieutenant Peary's pursuit of the "nimble and dirty dollar" is the very laudable one of getting together enough money to make another trip to the arctic regions for the benefit of the world at large, bilious Englishmen included.

PROBABLY THERE IS NO EVENT toward which every sportsman in this country would look with greater delight than an international eight-oared boat-race between either Oxford or Cambridge and Yale or Harvard. But in spite of the sporadic attempts that have been made from time to time to bring this about it does not come off, and, worst of all, we are farther away from it to-day than we were two years ago. Had the Yale crew of year before last won their New London race there would have followed an international, for the matter was all but settled when Harvard upset it entirely by demonstrating on the American Thames that Yale could not that year be the representative American crew. Last year the Yale winning crew could have gone had the men themselves been eager enough to go. This year the refusal of Oxford to the joint challenge of Yale and Harvard was final for the season, and the newspaper flutterings stirred up every few weeks anent the matter are merely the vaporings of newsmongers. Mr. Fletchor, the President of the Oxford Boat Club, refused the formal challenge for three specific reasons, and the rendering of any one of them inoperative would not in any way alter his decision. There will be no international race this year, and it is likely that when it does come about it will be upon the English water. The only concession likely to be obtained from the Englishmen is the date of the race, and even then it is more than likely they will hold out some time for March.

THE CORNELL-UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA GAMES, to be held at Philadelphia on the 20th, will mark a turning-point in track athletics at both these universities. At neither one of them has there ever been any special activity. Cornell representatives at the intercollegiate championships have been few and far between, and no one from the U. of P. has attracted attention since Byrd Page did his remarkable jumping, and was followed for a short time by Webster. The U. of P has always held games, but only in the last year has there been any general effort in this direction. Indeed, Pennsylvania in the last couple of years has made phenomenal strides in all her departments of athletics. From a condition in which the chief ambition was to keep off the tail end, it has risen to where it disputes the leadership. Their baseball nines and football elevens have improved at an astonishing rate. Under the coaching of Woodruff the crew will undoubtedly row much faster than it has ever before, and now the track athletics have reached a point where they will upset calculations at the Intercollegiate championship meeting.

Cornell has been much worse off. They really have paid very little attention to track athletics, and only recently have had a cinder path and field. Since they acquired Percy Field their college records have been steadily improving, but are not even to this day of very high order.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these dual athletic arrangements. Yale and Princeton have done wonders by means of them, and Cornell and the U. of P will profit still more, for their need is greater. It is hoped Columbia may also be benefited, as this college seems to have settled into an athletic decline.

IN THE 100-YARD DASH THE U. OF P. has E. S. Ramsdell, 10$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; Buckholtz, .10$\frac{2}{5}$; and Turpin, .10$\frac{2}{5}$. Ramsdell is well known for his broad jumping and his sprinting. He was on the Princeton baseball nine last year. Buckholtz is probably the most promising man of the lot. He is well muscled, but as he has done 11 feet in the pole vault, and is good for 10 feet 6 inches easily, he will probably be reserved for that event at these games, and also at the Intercollegiate. In the 220, Ramsdell is good for .22$\frac{1}{5}$, and Captain Freeman and Judd have both done about .23$\frac{2}{5}$.

Cornell has, in 100 yards, Belknap, .10$\frac{1}{5}$; Bowen, .10$\frac{1}{5}$; Craft, who got third place at last year's intercollegiate championships; and Shaw, who has done 220 yards in 22$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

Quarter-mile.—The U. of P. has Captain Freeman, .52$\frac{4}{5}$, and several others, including Turpin, and Thompson, the baseball captain, who are improving rapidly; Cornell has Shaw, 51$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; and May, a promising Freshman, 54 seconds. Half-mile.—U of P.: E. W. Kelsey and Large, 2.04 and 2.05 respectively. These two are also in the mile. Kelsey is a strong runner and a plucky one. Cornell. Rulison and Webster, 2.06 and 2.07. Cornell's mile man is Green, who is good for between 4.40 and 4.50. In the walk, Cornell has no man who has done much, but Henderson has won generally in the college games. U. of P.: Mitchelson, 7.40 in the handicap games. He is a strong man, and is expected to improve his record this season. 120 hurdles.—U. of P.: Ribenack, 17 seconds; and Spear and Sylvester somewhat slower. These men are also running the 220 hurdles, the first doing .27$\frac{4}{5}$. Cornell: Wittemore, who holds the Western championship in this event, .16$\frac{1}{5}$. The 2-mile bicycle.—Cornell: Hinds, 5.40 to 5.50. U. of P.: Coates, 5.36. 16-lb. shot.—U. of P.: Knipe, of football fame, 40 ft. in practice; 89 ft. 4 in. with hammer. Cornell has for both of these events Tayler, their first-base man on the ball team, a big fellow, but whose value is prospective.

High jump.—U. of P.: Leslie seems destined to fill W. B. Page's shoes. He cleared the bar 6 ft. 1 in. last winter. Cornell has made no showing in this event. In a broad jump, Pennsylvania is strong with Ramsdell and Buckholtz, as they have done 22 ft. 6 in. and 21 ft. 5 in. respectively. Ribenack is also good for 21 ft. Buckholtz has a record of 11 ft. in the pole vault.

In none of these field events has Cornell any men of known ability, and it looks as though the U. of P. would win by a large margin. Another year Cornell will be able to make a better showing, as an interscholastic league has recently been formed under the auspices of the Cornell Athletic Association, and there will be competitions, and an annual field-day in baseball, football, and track athletics. Some seven or eight of the principal preparatory schools in and about Ithaca have joined the league, and these will act as a feeder to Cornell, as Andover, Exeter, St. Paul's, Lawrenceville, and others do for Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

UNLESS COLUMBIA'S TRACK ATHLETES perform as they never have before, Princeton will have something of a walk-over in the dual games next Saturday. All the old spirit seems to have gone out of Columbia, and it is not to the credit of the undergraduates that they fail to support either a 'varsity nine, football eleven, or crew, and that the once excellent track athletic team has dwindled to the ghost of its former strength. Princeton, on the other hand, in the last few years has been steadily improving this branch of its athletics. If this annual contest will do as much for Columbia, all of us who regret to see the blue and white trailing where once it led will rejoice sincerely. The Princeton team is weakened this year by the loss of Woodbridge, who will not compete at all, and Swain will not run until the intercollegiate championships.

Columbia has developed Smull, a promising sprinter, and if Harding should run he ought to take both hurdles. Kingsley, who gave promise last year of running a good 880 or mile, will compete, and so will Whitney. Of the others, only Bowman is known, and the rest have done nothing above mediocrity. Last year Columbia had the assistance of Lyman, ex-Yale, and Lee and Moen, ex-Harvard.

Princeton has in the 100 and 220 flat Allen NcNulty, good for .10$\frac{2}{5}$ and about .23. In 440, Brokaw, .51$\frac{3}{5}$; McCampbell, .53; Swan, .53$\frac{2}{5}$. 880 yards, Turner, 1.57$\frac{3}{5}$; Betts and Wintringer, 2.05. Mile, Black, 4.54; and Caton has done 4.31 from 110-yard mark. Walk, Borcherling, 6.52$\frac{4}{5}$, and Ottley. Neither the hurdlers nor high-jumpers have done much, and both Turner and Gill have cleared 20 ft. in broad. Banker has been riding the two miles in great form, and there is also Grandin; in shot there are Beveridge, Hall, and Harriman, with 37, 37.4, and 36 to their credit this year, and Hall has thrown hammer 95 ft. 8 in., with Taylor, 90 ft., and Balliett, 87 ft.

IT IS A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION that the fleet of foreign men-of-war, which anchored in our harbor to attend New York's contribution to the Columbus celebration, had sailed away before the final contests in the fencing championships. It is equally pleasing that the preliminary bouts

were decided before the fleet arrived. It is altogether probable that had foreign officers been in port the distended announcement of the final competitions in the "Fencing championships of the United States of America, held under the auspices of the Amateur Fencers' League of America and the Amateur Athletic Union," would have attracted some of them to the Berkeley Lyceum last Thursday night, and sent them away sorely perplexed.

Only a member of the chosen coterie which has stamped its individuality on public fencing in New York city could have appreciated the eccentric exhibition. The foreigner might have fancied himself at one of the puppetshows for which the New World is justly famed, and he would have been constrained to study his programme again to become convinced that he was actually witnessing the decision of the fencing championships of America. Unless there had been a vein of humor in his make-up, he would probably have departed in disgust, though not without carrying away a mental photograph of Mr. Post's remarkable position on guard with the duelling-sword, or the apparent consternation of the judges every time a close question demanded their official attention.

It really seems ludicrous to seriously discuss the exhibition of the other night, and to hail the winners as "champions" is tantamount to acknowledging that we have no fencing in this city. Judging by public performances, it is absolutely certain we have no school of fence in this city worth so calling. If the men who qualified for the final bouts of this championship exhibited the best form of the school in which they have received instruction, then their instructors had best emigrate to Chicago, where they can gain everlasting fame by founding a school for the maintenance and higher development of pig-sticking. There was no form; each contestant prodded at his adversary until one of them was touched, and not unfrequently both were touched. I did not see a single clean firm touch, and but one *riposte;* the blade was handled more like a whip than a foil, and most of the touches were slaps. There was not a lunge, and apparently none of the "champions" knew anything of defence. There was no fencing; none of that play in which the head and hand work together for the opening; none of that feeling of the opponent's blade. In short, there was nothing but slap, bang, hit, or miss, anything to get there. It was like turning loose two game-cocks in a ring.

It is not intended to assert here that there is no skill in the peculiar method shown Thursday night. On the contrary, success in such a "Let-her-go, Gallagher," style of fighting with the foil requires much skill and a strong sword-arm. But it is to fencing what Pennsylvania Dutch is to the pure mother-tongue.

The Fencers' League was organized presumably for the purpose of fostering the art in this city, and no one thoroughly acquainted with the condition of affairs will deny that the field for missionary work is large. But it is not susceptible soil. If there is any one feature of New York fencers more prominent than another, it is the utter satisfaction with which they contemplate their exploitation of the art of fencing. When they are divided into several cliques, each as certain that the others' form is as miserable as its own is ideal, some conception of the task in making a homogeneous whole may be gathered. Adding to this the further fact that of the half-dozen instructors in this city and Boston each is ever on the alert to hurt the professional reputation of the others, and only one or two have any license to instruct at all, and the situation becomes a veritable maze. Nevertheless, the League founders knew the state of affairs when they organized, and unless they intend to actually do something to clear up matters and put fencing on a healthy basis, they may as well dissolve. Their position now is farcical. The League at present has no excuse for existence, unless it be to collect the annual dues from its members, and invest the money in medals to encourage, rather than correct, continuance of the present poor form.

One hundred and fifty belong to this League, all fencers, and ostensibly all interested in fencing; and there are quite enough of them to turn the tide which seems to be setting against the sport in New York. The one way to recuperate is to, first of all, harmonize. In unity there is strength, and so long as the present divided state of affairs exists, just so long will fencing languish. The Fencers' Club has made a failure at building up a general interest for that very reason, and the League has an opportunity now of making a place for itself among the guardians of amateur sport, and giving fencing the assistance of which it stands sorely in need. Club-rooms where the fencers of all schools might meet and test their skill, under the eye of a really competent instructor, would go a long way towards solving the problem.

The New York Tandem Club opened the season of 1893 on Saturday last with its spring meet, and the thirteen members who braved the pouring rain proved that, like John Leech's sporting squire, they were not drawing-room whips, but were out because they "liked it."

Although the present club is only in its seventh year, having been organized in 1886 by the president, Mr. Charles Pfizer, Jun., and ex-president, Charles A. Baudouine, Jun., it is twenty-seven years since Mr. Burton Mansfield excited the curiosity of Seventh Ward dwellers, and instantly became the envy of amateur whips by driving two horses single file through the city. For a generation he has been deservedly recognized as the "father" of tandem in this country, and the best authority upon matters of "form" in this difficult but seductive mode of driving.

Saturday's Meet was, on the whole, a very creditable one, showing decided improvement over last year. The handling of reins and whips emphasized progression in the art, and the horses were a more even lot, showed more quality, and in formation and size better adapted for tandem-work. There were, too, several pronounced instances of ignorance on correct balance, and some neat turnouts spoiled the general effect by having the points of the shafts tilted up in the direction of the horse's ears—a defect easily remedied by lowering the tugs, tightening a strap, or adjusting the seat.

Many of the tandem men must pay more attention to matching their horses if they wish to turn out in form. Under no consideration should the heavier horse be in the lead, and while it may be true that "no good horse is a bad color," yet color in tandem requires more attention than is, as a rule, given to it. It is quite as desirable that the leader should be of a lighter shade as it is that he should be the smaller in size. Then again several of the carts were much too high for the teams, the owners evincing poor judgment as to proportion. However, each meet shows an improvement, even if slight, and that is certainly something to the good.

The wisdom of the recent changes in the Harvard crew is yet to be proved. Cummings has been moved up to 7, and Fearing put at 5. The evident reason for the change is to get an experienced oar behind stroke, which is first-rate in theory, but questionable in practice, when the "experienced oar" happens not to be a good follower. Cummings is a hard worker, and has rowed long enough to have experience, and to spare, but his strong point is not following the man in front of him. He would seem to be the last one to put at 7, which is certainly next to stroke the most important seat in the boat. It is imperative that stroke and 7 are absolutely together, for while there is one stroke in name there are two strokes in fact; what No. 8 (stroke) is to the starboard oars and the crew, No. 7 is to the port oars. Last year's losing crew had a stroke to 7 that were not together. To be sure, Fearing is a new man at rowing, but the work he has done in the boat, and his well-known adaptability and skill in every branch of athletics he has undertaken, would seem to give confidence in his ability to fill 7. However, a few days will show what there is in the new arrangement; it is hardly necessary to say that four good men in the stern, to carry back the stroke, are the key to a crew's steady work.

There is not a day to be lost. Yale's crew is settled upon, while Harvard, as usual, is still shifting the men about. Newell is now at 3, Richardson at 2, and Burgess at bow. The shell rolls, and the uneven work of the starboard oars is pronounced. The crew row a long stroke, but there is a hang at the catch, and the oars are not swept through on the same level. There is plenty of strength and endurance, but the watermanship is poor. Fennessey needs advice as to running up the stroke rather than allowing it to be run up on him. The crew is better than last year's, and has good material, but it is not making the improvement it should.

Under Hartwell's vigorous coaching and the calmer conditon of the water, the work of the Yale crew has been much more satisfactory. The men swing more in unison, catch the water harder, and are more careful on the recovery. The result is that the boat stays on its keel, and moves along better between strokes. As compared with Harvard, the work of the Yale crew is very much smoother, and the boat certainly travels steadier and apparently faster. Both Messler and Van Huyck have improved, and about the only man in the boat now whose faults are especially noticeable is Longacre at 4. It will take careful and patient coaching to make him a 'varsity oar. Goetchius is swinging better, but he still makes a break in the middle of the boat. The starboard oars work together absolutely, but the port side looks irregular with 2 finishing too soon, 4 holding on too long, and 6 cocking his oar.

Although the score of the Harvard-Yale athletic games Saturday shows a difference of nearly 20 points (67–45) in Harvard's favor, they were hotly contested throughout. With a few exceptions every event was a struggle up to the very finish, and the winner of no one of the runs was known until the tape had been breasted.

Harvard showed surprising strength in the quarter and half, winning all the points, as well as first and third in both sprints. Yale's mile-winner, Morgan, captured his event with more to spare than any other track-winner; he is plucky and strong, and likely to lower the Intercollegiate record on a good track. The walk was the prettiest event of the day, the positions changing so as to keep the interest intense. Harvard's Endicott has improved; he was too strong for Wight. Had Shead been in better condition he would have made Lyman do better time to win the high hurdles, but at his best it is doubtful if he is as fast as the Yale man. Interest in the low hurdles centred chiefly in what Fearing (who is on the crew, and has not practised) would do; third was his best, but Harvard had a new man, Garcelon, who negotiates the sticks with great neatness and despatch, and he won in .26⅗. Yale held a surprise-party in the bicycle, taking first and second with two new men, and cutting out Harvard's veterans, Davis and Pratt.

Yale took all the hammer, as expected, and Shea, Harvard, astonished every one by winning the shot with a 40 ft. 8 in. put. He did as much several years ago, but no one thought he would arise to the occasion. Fearing took the high jump at a much lower figure (5 ft. 7½ in.) than it has been won for several years, and Yale's men appeared considerably off form, as Harvard took second at same figure, and third 1½ inches lower. Sheldon, Yale, was expected to do 5 ft. 8 or 9 in., but his 22 ft. 2 in. in the broad, which took second to Bloss, Harvard (22 ft. 4 in.), evidently weakened him. Cartwright, Yale, vaulted beautifully, and deserved first, with 10 ft. 6¼ in., Wheelwright, Harvard, doing well also with 10 ft. 3 in. The surprise of the meeting was Yale's failure to get points in the middle distances. The rain made the track slow, though it was in surprisingly fine condition. But the track was fast compared with the exasperating slowness with which the events were run off. Another year should see some improvement in this direction, as well as a change in date, which, by-the-way, is fixed by the constitution accepted by both colleges, and not chosen each year.

The most noteworthy feature of the past week in college baseball was Brown's 2–0 victory over Yale after eleven innings and one of the cleanest contests of the year. Brown played a great game, especially in the field, and George's work was again of a high order. Not a run was scored until the last inning, and the game from beginning to end was desperately fought out. Time and again a hit would have won the match for either side, but cool, steady work prevented it. If Brown's team is not the strongest on the college diamond, it certainly is very near it. It has won all but two games this year; its fielding is very clean, and its general play scientific.

Carter's pitching shows that he is not nearly so effective when used several games in succession. Professionals have long since acquired a fair grasp of this question of overworking a good thing, but collegians never know when to let up on a man in the box. Carter two weeks ago was almost invincible; Carter in the first Brown game was entirely outside the possibilities of the opposing batsmen; in the Pennsylvania game he was good enough to pull Yale through, although with an effort, and a marked one at that. There was warning enough; but Yale sent him in again in the next Brown game, perhaps because Wesleyan had shown them how weak they were without him, and he bore it well; but he was not the same man who had been impossible for Brown in New Haven, and Yale was defeated.

He will recruit considerably before the Princeton game of Saturday, and the New Jersey men will find him a hard man to hit, unless some evil genius of Yale's tempts them to pitch him a game or two in between. If they do, Princeton will not find the Yale nine invincible, for it is in the box that their strength lies. Carter has already been rated here as the most difficult of the college pitchers to find, and the nine which holds such a prize ought to have a show against even such an aggregation of players as Harvard possesses this season. But if the life is pitched out of his arm before the end of next month, Harvard will take two straight, and we shall hear no more of a third game. In the mean time Yale can show no good reason for refusing to listen to Harvard's sportsmanlike proposition for a game in case of a tie. It is disappointing to Yale's friends to note a repetition of last year's insistence, against all precedent, of the game on neutral ground being played first.

After playing a faultless game with Princeton the previous Saturday, Harvard piled up errors against Pennsylvania May 8th, and lost, 7–6. Upton and Trafford were off in their play, and both Hovey and Sullivan seemed to have greased their fingers, though both at times did brilliant work. The game was a striking illustration of the advantage of team-play. There was not a man on the U. of P. nine, with the exception of first-baseman Goeckle, that could replace a man on the Harvard team; but they played with perfect confidence in one another, while Harvard gave itself up to individual strength and team weakness.

Captain Frothingham can certainly strengthen his nine by putting Abbott on third and Mason in left field. Wiggins and Upton are the most effective battery combinations, but Mason's batting and base-running are too good to be lost.

Reese of U. of P. pitched a steady strong game, but Coogan seems to have fallen off in his back-stop work. The nine is a hard-hitting one, as may be judged from the fact that the average of six of the men is over 500.

Bayne's arm has not permitted him to pitch yet, and the nine will be stronger i. he is kept in left field and Reese left in box—since the latter is too good a man to lose. Blair is a hard hitter and fair fielder. Pennsylvania deserves all praise for the promptness with which it punished two members of its nine for infraction of training rules. To lay off so valuable a man as Thomas on the eve of a Harvard game showed the proper spirit, and the same kind Harvard has exhibited in playing without her star pitcher, J. Highlands.

In the Yale-Pennsylvania game, won by the former, 5–4, Penn hit Carter, but lost the game by poor base-running. The same weakness was evident in the Harvard game. Yale played with more dash than had characterized their work up to that time. Stephenson lost his head, and Bliss played brilliantly. Hedges and Stephenson are falling off in their hitting; the rest of the team are improving (especially Speer and Case) enough to more than counterbalance this.

The Princeton nine will undoubtedly put up a much better game against Yale than it did against Harvard. Drake's condition has improved, and the whole team will play with more confidence. But Princeton has not shown the ability to play strongly in the face of adversity, and as both the Yale and University of Pennsylvania teams have had superior seasoning, they will come against Princeton with a confidence that is very apt to carry them through to victory.

Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst will have a close race for the championship, as the nines seem evenly matched. With a fair team behind them, O'Connor and Ranney ought to win the championship for Dartmouth, even if they have to pull out of as deep a hole as they did last year. O'Connor has had a great deal of experience, but is only effective when well supported by his fielders. One or two errors will make him pitch a listless game. Ranney's back-stop work and throwing are good, but he is painfully slow in getting after fouls and passed balls. There is some doubt whether this battery will be well supported, as the fielders and basemen seem heavy and slow.

Williams managed to win a game from Dartmouth through the good work of its battery, Howe and Draper. Howe has had some good coaching at Harvard, and ought to do well. Hollister and Howard are both good men, and are strong hitters.

Amherst, under Captain Stearns, is playing the best ball of the three, and left Williams the worse for wear in last Wednesday's game. Colby's pitching was very effective, and Allen handles himself well behind the bat. The mainstay of the team is Captain Stearns. He captained the Boston Athletic Association team last summer, and is one of the best batters among college ball-players.

Although the Los Angeles dog show pointed to the general development that is being slowly made in such matters on the Pacific coast, yet the exhibition of last month was not an improvement on that of a year ago. The show building was small and inconvenient, and the judging-ring much too cramped. However, Mr. George Raper, who is a judge of wide experience, in spite of the difficulties, seemed to give general satisfaction. The quality, taken altogether, was certainly below par. The greyhounds made a good showing, and the setters and pointers were numerous, though there was a general lack of length and liberty. Bull-terriers at these exhibitions are always ridiculous if intended for show dogs. There is now a fox-terrier club in California which it is hoped will improve the breed; for at the present time it can be asserted that there is not a good specimen on the Western slope.

Judging from the incorrect and mixed condition of several of the pedigrees in the catalogue, it would seem that the American Kennel Club's stud-book is rather carelessly made up. The show deserves all encouragement, since no prizes were given to the successful competitors.

The Intercollegiate Football Association at its recent meeting in New York ratified the two changes in the playing rules proposed by the Advisory Board in March. Briefly the new rules provide for a touch-down being counted from the point at which the runner is downed behind the line, and not where the ball is carried over line or held behind line. This will leave no room for dispute in bringing ball out for a try at goal.

The other rule gives the centre rush on the side with the ball, *all* of it, instead of half of it as heretofore. This is one of the wisest rulings of recent years, and will entirely do away with the squabbling in the centre, which was carried to such an exasperating extreme last year.

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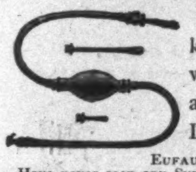

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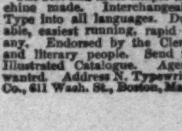

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